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# THE NEWRICH RECEPTION

By HELEN GAYLORD, LUZETTA and CORA SANDERS,  
Authors of "Union Depot for a Day," "Snapshots"  
and "Six Sharps, One Flat."



A Drama of One Scene and Two Acts  
Representing a Reception Given by  
the Newrich Family and Employ-  
ing Thirty-five Characters.

Class \_\_\_\_\_

Book \_\_\_\_\_

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Canton, Illinois  
1908

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AND CORA A. SANDERS



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# The Newrich Reception

A Drama of One Scene and Two Acts, Employing About 35 People

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

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|--|--|
| Nicholas Newrich, a wealthy mine owner.                                      | Mrs. Thos. Reginald DeHogg.                                    |
| Mrs. Nicholas Newrich, anxious to break into society.                        | Mrs. Curtis Tellerby.  |
| Jeremiah Newrich (once Jerry, now Gerald), spender of his father's millions. | Mrs. Laura Blabb, a widow.                                     |
| Elizabeth Newrich (once Lizzie and Liz), engaged to Lord Feathernest.        | Dr. A. Strong Pull, a dentist.                                 |
| Master Tommy Newrich, a lively boy, up to pranks.                            | Miss Beatrice Gaswell, daughter of Mrs. Gaswell.               |
| Marie and Kitty, maids.  | Elias Grafterly, Mayor of Rocky Gulch.                         |
| Jeems, a footman.  | Mrs. Elias Grafterly.  |
| Miss Permelia Newrich (sister of Nicholas), the unexpected guest.            | Jay Smith Inkerton, editor of the Rocky Mountain Howler.       |
| GUESTS AT RECEPTION  |  |
| Miss Arabella Gushington.  | Miss Virginia Smithers, a school missress.                     |
| Miss Genevieve Tellerby.   | Colonel Miles Getaway, from Kentucky.                          |
| DeLand Shankington, a land agent.  | Mr. William Overholtzer, familiarly known as "Uncle Billy."    |
| Dr. Demosthenes Quack, a physician.  | Sam Do-well, Elizabeth's former suitor.                        |
| Judge Solon Bagamore.  | The Honorable J. Livingstone Mudd, member from Montana.        |
| Mrs. Solon Bagamore.   | Mrs. J. Livingstone Mudd.                                      |
| Mrs. Chub Jones.   | Bessie Mudd, Tommy's companion in mischief.                    |
| Miss Peter Poppinjay.  | Lord Herbert Gordon Irving Feathernest, of Hampshire, England. |
| Miss Peggy Green.  | Hank Mitchell, a cowboy.                                       |
| Thomas Reginald DeHogg, superintendent of the "Lucky Chance" mine.           |  |

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The scene is laid in Rocky Gulch, Mont. The reception is given by the Newrich family in honor of Lord Feathernest, who is to marry the daughter. There is one scene easily arranged, and two acts.

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT.

The stage should be arranged for a reception with suitable decorations. Two colors of tissue paper can be used to good advantage. Dining room entrance to left side, back; hall ~~for~~ street, ~~door~~ back center; frappe stand at right side, back. Portrait of woman on right wall.

## COSTUMES.

Mrs. Newrich should be preferably a fleshy woman. Her dress should be showy and in modern style. She must wear much jewelry. Elizabeth should wear an elaborate reception dress. Mr. Newrich and Gerald should be preferably in dress suits. Tommy should be dressed something on the Lord Fauntleroy style.

The footman's livery should be according to the following suggestions: He wears what looks like a dress coat (swallow tail). It is very like it in cut but is never black, but of some dark color. It is cut high showing a striped waistcoat. The trousers are like the coat. The suit could be made of soft finish cambric of a rich dark color. The coat is ornamented with brass or silver buttons—the front, the cuffs and the tails of the coat. The coat collar may be of velvet or not. He wears a white linen standing collar and a white tie. Some Americans follow the English style in their coachman's livery. They dress them in what is termed a court coat suitable to be worn with plush waistcoat, knee breeches and buckles, and low buckle shoes.



When Aunt Permella first enters she should wear an old-fashioned, plain dress, old style bonnet and linen duster or shawl, and dark cotton gloves and steel-bowed glasses. She must carry old-style carpet bag or satchel, band box, etc., plenty of baggage. When she enters the second time she should wear an old-fashioned silk dress—large plaid or stripe preferable, hair combed down over ears and old-style mits or kid gloves with finger ends cut off. Lord Feathernest should wear a dress suit and have a monocle and wear it in his eye if he can manage it.

Hank Mitchell should be in regular cowboy costume. Dark flannel shirt bandana handkerchief around neck, trousers with leather fringe down side seams, sombrero hat and belt with pistols. He wears hat when he enters and hands it to Jeeros.

The men may be variously dressed in business suits, Prince Albert or cut-away coats, etc.

A few of the ladies should be properly dressed for a reception, wearing stylish hats and gloves, among them Arabella Gushington and Mrs. DeHogg. Other women should be handsomely dressed with much cheap finery. Mrs. Terlberry, Mrs. Gaswell and Mrs. Blabb may be strikingly dressed. Mrs. Blabb especially may wear a stunning hat. Several picture hats worn with the trailing reception gowns will add to the general stage effect.

William Overholzer should be a large, jovial, elderly man and dressed in Sunday clothes of ancient cut. When he appears in the door he should have his hat (preferably an old plug hat) on back of head. A reception in a small mining town gives much latitude in costuming.

#### GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

Guests must avoid being stiff, moving about naturally, taking frappe, forming different groups and chattering sociably in pantomime.

Each speaking group must be well to the front while speaking. Avoid leaving empty space in the center of the stage. Do not be wall flowers.

“Right” and “left” do not mean close to the wall. Tommy and Bessie should be nine to eleven years old. Childish acts are not funny in overgrown children.

After the men’s conversation, young men join the young ladies, the married men keep in group for a time and when they are breaking up may do so naturally, some joining the ladies, others leaving the room perhaps for a brief time.

The men’s conversation gives opportunity for local hits.

All must be on the stage for the closing scene.

In copying parts, do not fail to give cues, that is, the last few words of the preceding speaker. Be sure also to put on each part the cue when he or she goes out to luncheon and when he or she returns.

#### ACT I.

Curtain raises, showing Nicholas Newrich, Mrs. Newrich, Elizabeth Newrich and young Gerald Newrich.

Mr. Newrich, looking very uncomfortable in a dress suit, is trying to read a newspaper. (Left center.)

Mrs. Newrich is rising and sitting down in a chair, trying to manage her train. (Right center.)

Gerald is lounging about in an indolent manner, hands in pockets, whistling softly at intervals.

Elizabeth is flurrying around, all out of sorts, moving chairs, etc. Elizabeth—The company will be here before a body knows it, and I thought everything would be ready. Dear me! I do wish we had a single servant, (who had lived in a family, that knew what is what. That rug looks horrid here. (Puts it in another place.) I know Lord Feathernest would say it looks better here. Mamma, that collar does not look right with that dress. You ought to have the point lace one on tonight. The frappe stand ought to be over there, (pointing to some other place). It would look a lot better, but suppose it is too late to change it now, as people are so ridiculously early in this little place. (As she talks she straightens furniture and rugs.)

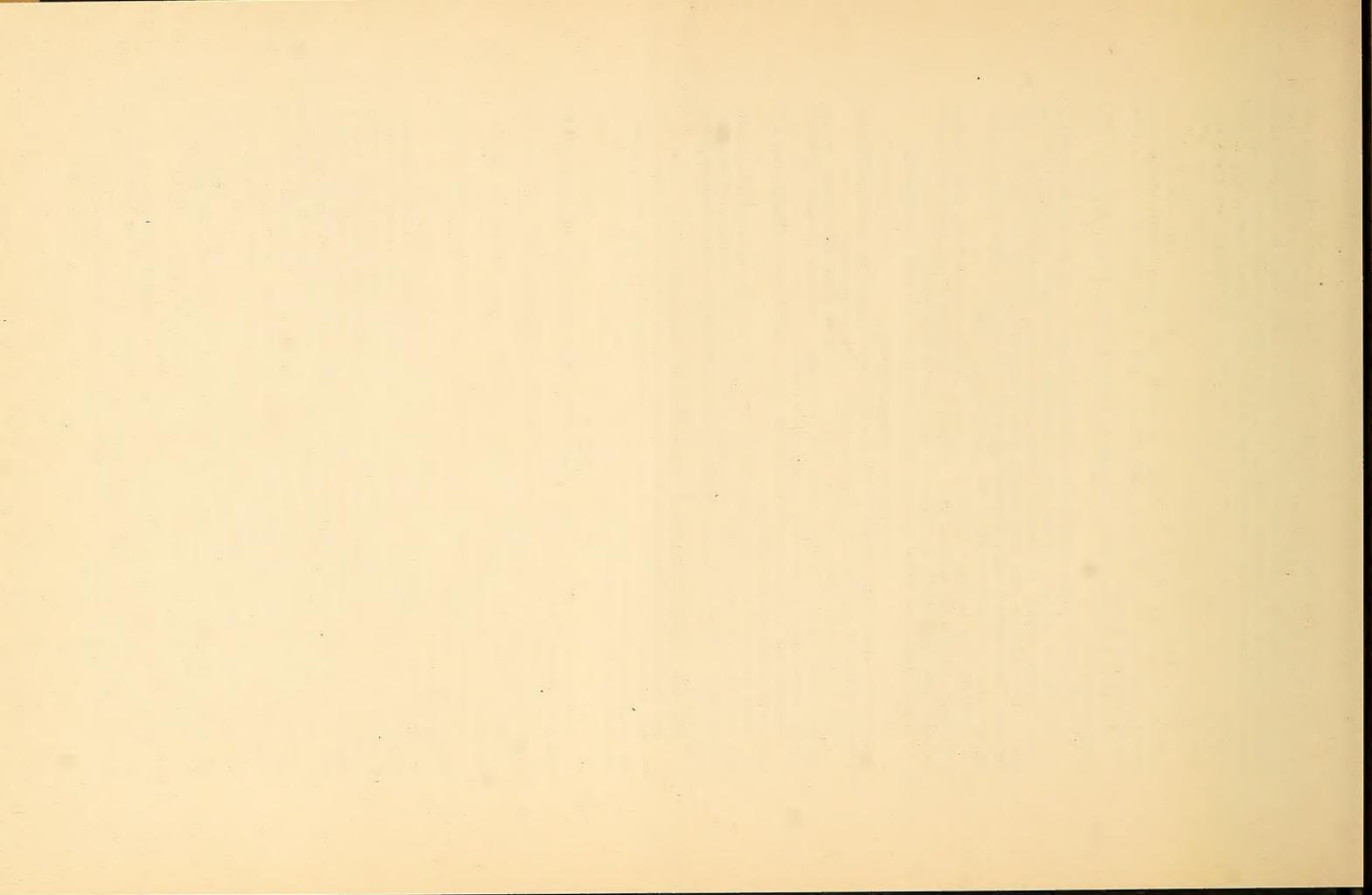
Mrs. N.—There, there daughter, don’t exaggerate yourself! You’ll be all tuckerred out by the time the company comes.

Elizabeth—Well, there’s one thing I’m glad of any way. Katie and Marie have consented to wear white aprons and caps, when they serve the frappe.

Mrs. N.—And well they might, for they look just splendid! I always feel quite dressed up when I get on a clean white apron.

Elizabeth (walks about in nervous manner, but keeps mainly to right center)— Horrors! mamma don’t let any one hear you say that. And of all things, don’t say anything of the kind, before Lord Feathernest.

(Enter Master Tommy Newrich from right, with a cat under his arm. He



crosses front of stage, carrying cat, and stops before his father. Tommy's face is dirty, his hair is badly mussed, he is minus a necktie, and is in any but company trim. Tommy has a decided lisp.)

Tom. (Laughing)—Well, pop, you're a funny lookin' object. (Looks father over with great curiosity.) Where d'ye git 'em? Ain't we thwell though?

Mr. N.—Go 'long, you young rascal!

Eliz.—Why Thomas Alexander Newrich! What are you doing with that cat? Take it out this instant! And what possesses you to come in here looking like a 'tramp'? Go at once, and have Miss Gray put on your light blue tie, and have her part your hair in the middle when she combs it.

Tom.—Well I gueth not! You shant make a thitty out of me.

Eliz.—Oh please Tommy. I saw the boys in New York, with their hair parted in the middle—the boys of wealthy families. It's quite the proper thing.

Tom.—Naw, you can't make a dude out o' me. Two dudeth in one family ith enough. (In a whining voice) An' I don't want to wear no necktie neither. An' they Kitty-kinth is goin' to thay to the party, 'cause Bethie wanth her, tho there!

Eliz.—Well she's not. Who ever heard of a cat at a reception? Mamma, make Tommy take that odious cat out of this room.

Mrs. N.—Tommy dear, do as your sister bequests. It's too bad, the way you use that cat any way. It used to have a real good temperature, till you ruined it by teasing.

Tom.—Oh shuckth! I never can do nothin' around here. You an' Lith ith always findin' fault with a feller. I wish Lith wouldn't be tho boothy. I'll be glad when Lord Whath hath name, marrieth her. But won't he have a thweet time? But thay, Bethie warth that cat. We have to have thomethin' to amuthe ourselveth with. An' I just hate neckthit.

Mrs. N.—Pa, you'll have to qualify that child. I can't do any thing with him.

Mr. N.—Come Tom, I guess you'll have to leave the cat out of the reception this time. You'll have to take your medicine with the rest of us.

Tom.—Thay Pop, I'll have my hair parted in the middle if you will. But don't you get tired o' bein' bothed around all the time? Leth thtrike!

Eliz.—If you don't get out of here with that cat, I'll 'thtrike,' as you say, in a way you'll not enjoy.

Tom.—My! but ith fun to get Lith thtrated. What would your old lord thay, if he'd hear you jawin' around? I gueth he'd open hith eyeth tho wide, lith old glath eye wouldn't thay in. (Eliz. starts towards Tommy, who escapes into dining room.)

Eliz.—I don't know how I'm to endure the impudence of that young heathen. It's a shame to have him so illbred. (Walks back and forth.)

Ger.—It's all your own fault, Liz. If you didn't nag at the kid so much, he wouldn't be such a little terror.

Mr. N.—That's just it, Lizzie. You hector the life out of the boy. He's not half bad, when let alone.

Eliz. (half crying)—Yes, that's always the way. You take his part every time, so it's no wonder he's so mean. There's no use trying to instill any ideas of gentility into his mind.

Ger.—Hold on, sis; don't get yourself worked up to too high a pitch, or you'll be in a fine state, when the folks come.

Mrs. N.—Now Jerry, don't you get to discussionin' with your sister, or you'll get her so flustered, she'll have a turn, and we'll have a time restin' turn her.

(Enter Arabella, Gushington, from dining room door, who rushes to Eliz. and throws her arms around her, in a rapturous manner.)

Ara.—On Elizabeth, you darling girl! Is it really true? I can hardly believe it. And you met him while you were in New York? How perfectly delightful! Let me get a good look at you. (Holds her at arm's length, and gazes at her.) How ever did you do it? A real lord! Just as soon as I got your letter, I started for home, and I have been so excited, I hardly know what I'm about. It was all I could do, to wait for the train, for of course I wouldn't have missed this reception for the world. (Looks around.) How beautiful everything looks! Mr. Newrich, isn't it too lovely that Elizabeth is going to marry a real lord? What does he look like Elizabeth? Of course he's perfectly elegant—that goes without saying. Oh, I'm so proud that I'm your friend. Isn't it grand, Mrs. Newrich? Aren't you proud of your daughter?

Mrs. N.—Yes, Arabella, I admire to say I am proud. I am looking forward to greater anticipations, than I ever had before.

Mr. N.—Well, I can't say I set such store by his bein' a lord. A good



American would suit me all right—one like Sam Do-well. But if my gal wants a lord, she's goin' to have him, that's all.

Eliz.—Why Papa Newrich! The idea of putting Sam Do-well and Lord Feathernest on the same level!

Mr. N.—I want to say right here, that Sam Do-well is a mighty fine chap, and smart as a whip. He suits me to a T. And he suited all the rest of the family, till you women folks got these high-fa-utin' notions into your heads. Ger.—Sam's all right Governor, but he's—well, he doesn't exactly shine in society.

Mr. N.—What's the matter with him anyhow? He come of a good old down-east family and graduated at one o' your high-toned colleges back east, an' he owns two o' the best ranches in the state. What more do you want?

Eliz.—Papa, we know Sam is a fine young man, but just think what it means, to belong to the English nobility.

Mr. N.—English fiddlesticks! American nobility is good enough for me. Mrs. N.—I don't know what makes you talk that-a-way Pa. What would our suspected son-in-law say, if he heard you talk like that? It ain't every girl what has a chance to marry a lord.

Mr. N.—Now Betsy, don't you go to gittin' too high feelin'. Remember the time we lived in a one-roomed shack, and you hoarded the men—an' we was happy too.

(Enter Tommy from left, goes between father and mother.)

Tom.—Hello, Belle! Tho you come home to be at the party did you? I thpect you wanted thome of the iite cream. (Sits down on stool at left front and plays with button on a string and other playthings.)

Eliz.—Why Tommy! Ain't you ashamed of yourself?

Ara.—You don't suppose I would miss a swell reception, do you? Tommy? When it's given in honor of a lord too! Isn't it fine Tommy, that you're going to have Lord Feathernest for your brother?

Tom.—Why I dunno. I'd loth ruther have Tham Do-well. He liketh kidth.

Eliz.—See here, Tommy Newrich, don't you dare say anything more like that. It's bad enough to have to have Sam here, without you making it any worse. Lord Feathernest would like you all right, if you weren't always up to some trick, when he's here.

Mrs. N.—Thomas Alexander, I want you to commemorate this; that you're not to say one word about Sam Do-well going with Lizzie, for we want Lord Feathernest to feel that we all welcome him into the family with unalloyed pleasure. (Exit Eliz. to right.)

Ara.—Well Jerry—Gerald I suppose I should say, though the old name comes more natural—how goes the world with you?

Ger. (in languid tone)—I'm feeling rather tired.

Ara. (ironically)—Suffering from brain fag, no doubt, due to excessive application to your studies.

Ger.—Yes, I worked hard (aside)—to get in all the good times going.

Mrs. N.—I just know the dear boy overdone himself. I have been so worried that I could not sleep nights, for fear he'd get nervous prospereation, studying so hard on that civilized energy, that his pa wants him to learn so bad.

Ger.—Civil engineering, mother. Do remember. But you needn't worry about me, I'll pull through all right, mother.

Ara.—But how do you kill time these days, Gerald?

Ger.—This little old place is so awfully dull and slow, there's absolutely nothing but my touring car, and these mountain roads are beastly for auto-ing. But thank my stars, I'll soon be out of this now.

Ara.—Oh, going away, are you? Where, may I ask?

Ger.—I'm off for New York next week, to join some of the college fellows. We will stay awhile with one of the boys, whose governor has a cot-tage at Newport. But I'm going to buy me a yacht, and later, we'll go cruis-ing on the Mediterranean.

Ara.—My! That will be fine. (To Eliz., who enters) Elizabeth, you are perfectly adorable in that dress. (Gerald saunters to back of stage.)

Eliz.—I was just thinking that you never looked better in your life,

Belle. I'll have to look to it, or you'll cut me out with Lord Feathernest.

Ara.—Guess I'll try.

Tom. (whirling button on string)—Wish you would, then thith family'd be rid of him.

Ara.—Why Tommy, you don't half appreciate the honor. There'd be no use in me trying to get Lord Feathernest, but I believe I'll wait for you, then I can be a sister to a real lord.

Tom.—Huh! You needn't bother. It wouldn't do you no good. I



wouldn't marry you nohow, fur me an' Bethie's goin' to be married, an' we're goin' to live on a ranch, an' raife the catth. You git Theophilus Boggeth to marry you. He'll do it all right.

Mrs. N.—Yes, Arabella, I've heard it ruminated, that you and Theophilus has been romancin' round a good deal lately.

Ara.—Who ever told such a thing? It isn't true—not a word of it. Eliz.—Papa, when the people begin to come, remember we must all stand in line—you, mamma, Gerald and I—to receive them.

Mr. N.—Now Lizzie, I've told you that your old dad can't stand for that.

Tom.—Thinh' when hath Pop got to makin' punth?

Mrs. N.—Why of course pa, you must stand up when the people come. That's the way anarchistic people do, and we want to be very anarchistic at our reception.

Mr. N.—I put on these duds to please you women folks, but I'll be hanged if I'll stand in a row, and show myself off.

Eliz.—Now papa, don't bark and spoil every thing. We want to do things right for Lord Feathernest's sake. Do stand up till he comes, any way.

Mr. N.—He know's he's struck it rich. He'll not desert the diggins, you can rest assured of that. So there's no call for me to make a bloomin' fool of myself.

Eliz. (goes to father and pats him on shoulder)—Now Daddy dear, just this time.

Tom.—You shoudnt thay "daddy." It ith tho "vulgah."

Mr. N.—You young rascal, she'll say it if she wants to, and she shall have her way, too.

Eliz. (pats his cheek)—There's a dear!

Ara.—Oh, Elizabeth, have you got the new hand shake?

Eliz (stands near father)—Why, yes, but I do wish mamma could get it. Mrs. N.—I do too, for poor Lizzie has nearly exhorted herself, trying to learn me, and I'm crazy to know how, for I want to show that stuck up Mrs. DeHogg, that I have just as extinguished airs, as she dare have.

Ara.—Why I believe I can teach you all right. (Mrs. N. rises, and Ara. tries to show her. Mrs. N. makes most absurd, awkward passes, and puts on most exaggerated airs, in her attempt.) Mr. Newrich, let me show you the new hand shake.

Mr. N.—No you don't, Belle. None of your namby-pamby, three-finger touches for me. It's the good old-fashioned, hearty grip, or none, for Nicholas Newrich.

Ara. (laughing)—Well if you won't, you won't. Elizabeth, I think I must go upstairs, and give some finishing touches to my hair. (Exit Ara. to right.)

Mr. N. (looking at wife)—What kind of an outfit do you call that you have on, Ma? It looks fine.

Mrs. N. (much pleased)—Well now Pa, that's nice of you. I always did say that you was a very noticeable man. There ain't many men who care about their wives' apparel. I'm real glad you think my dress is all right, for you new superintendent and his wife is to be here, and they say, she is used to shock Lord Feathernest.

Eliz.—If Papa only hadn't insisted on inviting Hank Mitchell. He's sure to shock Lord Feathernest.

Mr. N.—Look here, my gal, if your Lord Feathernest is so easily shocked, he'd better stay away. There ain't nothin' goin' on in this house, but what Hank Mitchell will get a bid to, if he's around the diggins, you can be mighty sure o' that. When I was ranchin', an' down on my luck, not knowin' where the next meal was comin' from, Hank took us in, an' when I had that spell o' fever, he nur'sed me day an' night. He's nothin' but a cow puncher, an' not much in the education line, but he's white, clean through.

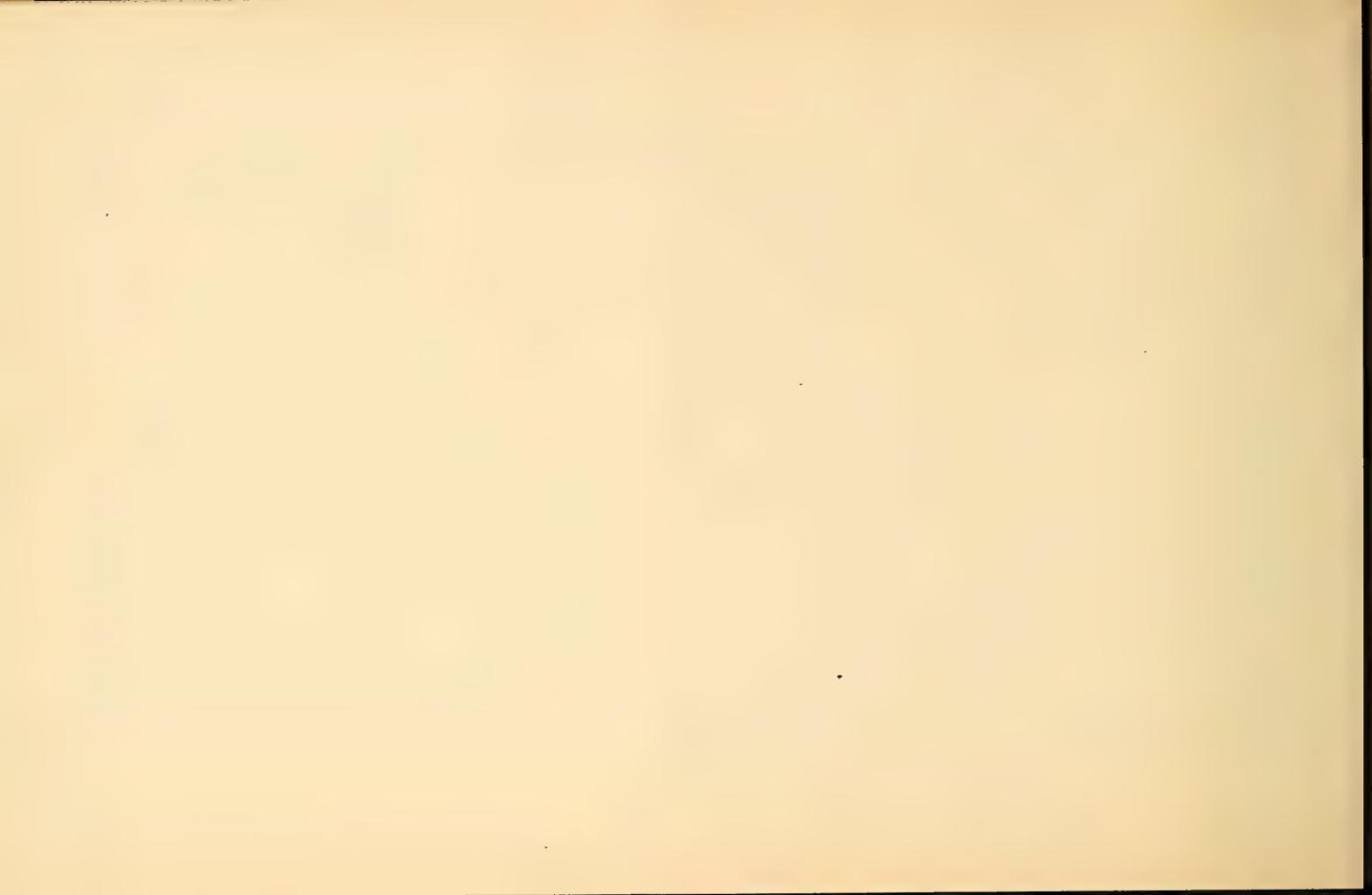
Tom.—Hank'st jolly fun, I think, an' don't wear no glath eye nuther. Eliz.—Tommy, how dare you say that Lord Feathernest has a glass eye! Tom.—Why, I didn't thay nothin' about your old lord. But he's thquint-eyed iuth the thame.

Eliz.—Well, there's one thing I can be thankful for, and that is, that Aunt Permeila had to postpone her visit. She and Hank together would have been the limit.

Ger. (who has been lounging in and out)—Yes, Aunt Permeila would have comolocated matters considerably.

Eliz.—Tommy Newrich, have you gum in your mouth?

Tom.—Well, I gueh not. I'm eatin' candy. Mrs. N.—Why, child, you'll get yourself all stuck up. I never did see such a boy for sweets. Why, I believe you'd eat a whole box of stationery at once, if you got the chance.



Eliz.—I do wonder if Jeems will remember his training. I wish you'd call him, Tommy, so I can give him his last lesson.

Tom (goes to door and yells)—Jim, you're wanted in front.

(Enter Jeems from hall door, in footman's livery.)

Tom (laughing out loud)—Well if you ain't a guy, Jim. (Looks him over with great interest.) You've got on yer glad raght shor thing. Lord Feather-neft won't be able to hold a candle to you.

Jeems—Now, Master Tommy, none o' your chaffin'. I feel like thirty cents in these duds, as it is, an' I'm bound to do somethin' wrong. (Exit.)

Katie (comes from dining room in great excitement)—Miss Elizabeth, whatever shall we do? Every last one of them wafers is gone.

Eliz.—Gone! What do you mean? Why is it impossible! (Tommy goes to stool, looking conscious and guilty, and begins playing industriously, but casting side glances at Eliz, occasionally.)

Katie—But they are! You can go and see for yourself.

Eliz.—Oh you surely are mistaken. Have you looked every place?

Katie—Indeed I have, Miss Lizzie. They are gone sure.

Mrs. N.—Let me go look. (Exit Mrs. N.)

Eliz.—Well, we are up against it.

Eliz. (in despair)—Gone! Those lovely wafers gone? And no more to be had this side of Butte. What shall we do? (Sinks in a chair, and begins to cry.) Every thing gone wrong! This is the last straw.

Mr. N. (looking up from paper)—What's all this fuss about?

Mrs. N. (centering)—Well they are gone Lizzie, sure enough, but where? I'll tell you, I'll just take off these clothes and make some of my good sugar cookies. (Begins taking off collar.)

Eliz. (jumping up, stops her)—Why, mother, are you crazy? Who ever heard of sugar cookies at a reception? I doubt if Lord Feather-neft ever tasted a sugar cookeey in his life. Mr. N.—Cakes gone you say? What's become of 'em? (As Lizzie again begins to cry.) But there, there Lizzie! Don't you worry child. We'll have more here by the time you need 'em, if we have to charter a special car to get 'em.

Ger.—Have Jim take my auto and run to Butte. He can do that, and be back in a jiffy.

Eliz.—But we can't spare Jeems. He must tend the door. (Walks around towards Tommy.) Oh, what shall we do?

Ger.—Well then, I'll go. (Exit Gerald.)

Eliz. (seeing Tommy's guilty look)—Tommy Newrich, I believe you know something about those wafers. Yes, I'm sure this is some of your work. Mr. N.—You say Tommy took 'em? Young man, there'll be a reckonin' with you later on.

Tom (well to front of stage) Well, I gueath I'm in fur it all right, but the bathe hall kidth, thought them caketh with prime.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

When the curtain rises, Eliz. is at frappe stand. Mrs. N. enters from dining room. As she reaches center of stage, the door bell rings. Mrs. N. is immediately thrown in a flurry.

Mrs. N.—Oh mercy! They're coming Lizzie. (Rushes excitedly towards dining room door. Lizzie drags her back.)

Eliz.—Mother, mother, come back here. (Gets her in receiving line.) Pa you must get up here. Come on, hurry!

Mrs. N.—Yes, Pa, get ready to deceive the people.

Eliz. (while Mr. N. throws down paper, which Eliz. grabs up and throws aside, and is getting unwillingly into line)—Tommy, go call Marie and Kitty. I told those girls to stay right here. (Tommy goes to the door and calls girls and girls appear at once, and take places at frappe stand.) Ma, stand back. (They finally get in receiving line, well to front of right center, Mr. N. looking very much disgusted.)

Jeems (centers and announces)—Miss Arabella Gushington, Miss Genevieve Tellerby. (Door bell rings frequently now, and guests are announced rapidly.)



Mr. N. (as he shakes hands)—How-de-do girls. Why Belle, I thought I seen you once this evening.

Ara.—You did, but I promised to be in the hall when Genevieve came, as she did not want to make the grand entry alone.

Gen.—We came early to help Elizabeth, and will see to getting the folks to the dining room. (They go to left center.)

Jeems (in a resounding voice)—Mr. Deland Sharkington, Dr. Demosthenes Quack, Judge Bagamore. Mrs. Judge Gaganmore. Mr. Thomas Reginald De-Hogg, Mrs. Thomas Reginald De-Hogg. (While people are being announced, greetings are given in low tones. After greeting Newrich family, Quack and Sharkington go to right front.)

Mr. N. (to Mr. DeHogg, who with his wife are in last group to greet family)—Hello, Tom! How's everything at the mine?

Mr. DeH.—All right, Mr. Newrich.

Mrs. N.—How do you do, Mr. DeHogg? I am so glad you could come to our reception, Mrs. DeHogg. You'll feel quite at home I'm sure—quite like you were at one of them high toned functionaries in Chicago. I

know they can't eclat (eclipse) this. Do go and have some flappay. (Mr. and Mrs. DeHogg and Judge Bagamore and wife, go to left center, but in a short time the men leave wives, and join Dr. Quack and Mr. Sharkington.)

Tom (standing in front of receiving line)—Monkey, monkey bottle of beer how many monkeys are there here?

Mr. N.—Tom, no more of that. (Tommy slips back.)

Jeems (enters and announces) Mrs. James Gaswell. Mrs. Curtis Teller-by. Mrs. Laura Blabb. (As ladies enter, Mrs. N. rushes forward to meet them, but Eliz. pulls her back by dress skirt.)

Eliz. (In stage whisper)—Ma, ma, come back to your place. Let them come to you. (Mrs. N. resumes place, and ladies come and greet family.)

Mrs. N.—I am so glad to see you, my dears. I will come and have some conversion with you, when I get through deceiving the people. Just make yourselves at home, and refuse yourselves with flappay. Be sure to get good places where you can hear the program. We are going to have a way-up program, with very hilarious music.

(Mrs. Gas., Mrs. Blabb and Mrs. Tell. go to frappe stand, then join Mrs. DeHogg, and Mrs. Bag.)

(Gradually the older people separate from the young people, making group at left back, young people at left front.)

Jeems (enters and announces)—Dr. A. Strong Pull. Miss Beatrice Gas-well. Mayor Elias Graftery. Mrs. Mayor Elias Graftery. (Greetings follow.)

Mrs. N. (as Gerald enters and joins receiving line)—Did you get the waffles Jerry? (Gerald nods.)

Eliz.—Hush Ma!

Mrs. N.—Mrs. Graftery, this is Mrs. Mayor Graftery. (Ger. acknowledges introduction.)

Mrs. Graft.—I suppose you are enjoying a rest from hard work.

Gen.—Yes, Mrs. Graftery. It is very quiet here—good place to rest.

Mrs. N.—They have such a lively corps of teachers in the college, he's been attendin', and they give them such deep subjects to commemorate, that the dear boy is really suffering from brain fog.

(Mr. and Mrs. Graftery join older people at left back. Mayor soon leaves and joins group of men at right front.)

Jeems (enters and announces)—Mr. Jay Smith Inkerton. Miss Virginia Smithers.

Mrs. N. (as she greets Miss S.)—I suppose, Miss Smithers, our Tommy gives you a lot of trouble. He's so lively, so voracious, you know.

Miss S.—Oh, not such a great deal. Tommy and I get along pretty well together. (Ink. and Miss S. go to join the young people, and pass Tommy.)

Why here's Tommy now. How are you my boy?

Tom.—I'm all right. (Makes a face as she passes.)

(Ink. and Dr. Pull soon leave girls and join men at right front, and they huddle in a group as men do at such places. While other conversation is going on, they talk in pantomime, using gestures.)

Ink. (as he joins the group)—Hello Graftery! Having the time of your life? Cheer up old man, the worst is yet to come.

Graft. (putting hand to mouth)—Sh! Don't mention it. I'm bored to death. See Newrich over there. He looks as if he were chief mourner at a



funeral. Now Quack here, he enjoys such things. He's getting to be quite a society man.

Dr. Q.—Huh! I'd rather be looking after a smallpox patient. Sharke, you look happy.

Sharke.—Yes, I'd be happy to skiddo.

Dr. Pull.—Same here. A lynching party's cheerful by the side of this.

How about you Judge?

Judge G. (clasping hands in woe-be-gone manner, and drawing a long sigh)—I'm resigned. The agony will soon be over. We've had reception, Lord Feathersnest, and furbelows, for breakfast, dinner and supper, and between meals, for the last three weeks. What there is in this kind of thing, to get the women in such a flutter, is more than I can see! Why it's caused as much stir as the court house question.

DeHogg.—Anything new, Judge?

Judge B.—Not a thing. Same old story. Cavanaugh still sticks to it, that he'll move his smelting works to Anaconda, if they don't put the court house on his land, and Dwyer is just as determined to sell his land to a packing house firm, if they don't accept his offer. So the supervisors are still up against it.

Dr. Q.—Inkerton, you're the one to settle this matter. What's a news-paper good for if not to mould public opinion? Take a stand in the Howler, and let her howl.

Ink.—Yes, Doc., which side shall I take? Which side are you on?

Dr. Q.—Why—ahem! I'm not saying much you know. A number of my patients live in the east end.

Sharck.—Hope they'll settle it soon. The town is all torn up with threats of injunctions, and people declaring they'll go to Butte, Deer Lodge, and goodness knows where, to trade. Old Newt, Smith even threatens to go over to the cross roads at Granite, if it don't go his way.

Dr. Pull.—Great loss to the town, Newt's trade would be sure. Has he borrowed anything of you yet, DeHogg?

DeH.—I haven't met up with him so far. Dock, how's Dinsmore? I hear he's pretty low.

Dr. Q.—He has a bad case of rheumatic pericarditis, and that which so frequently accompanies it—endocarditis. Valvular lesions have resulted too, as I feared. The obstruction is slight, but the regurgitation is very great. It is well they called me when they did, or I would not answer for the consequences.

Dr. P. (aside)—Poor chap! He'd better make his will.

Jeems (enters and announces)—The Honorable J. Livingstone Mudd. Mrs. Hon. J. Livingstone Mudd. Miss Bessie Mudd. (After greetings, Bessie goes to front of stage, right center, and Tommy comes towards her.)

Tom.—Hullo Beth! (Bessie turns her back on Tommy, in a haughty way, and does not notice him.) Oh, I thay now! Whath the matter? Bessie—You should say "How do you do, Miss Mudd? I am delighted to see you."

Tom.—Ah, ring off! Didn't I thee you intut thith mornin'?

Bess.—Of course you did, but it's evening now, and we're at a party, and we must be very polite. My nurse said so.

Tom.—All right! Here goes! (Tries to grasp her hand.) Howly do?

Bess.—That isn't the way. This is it. (Lifts hand in an affected way, and mimics her elders.)

Tom.—Oh, I thee you've got it too—like Lith! Tharth eatby. Kind of a muff the ball act. (Tommy imitates Bessie, in an exaggerated way, and they accomplish an elaborate handshake.) How are you, Beth?

Bes.—Miss Mudd, if you please.

Tom.—Well, I gueeth I won't say Mith Mudd. My name'th Mudd if I do. Bes.—But you did say it just the samey. But we've been polite long enough. Let's have some fun now. Where's the cat?

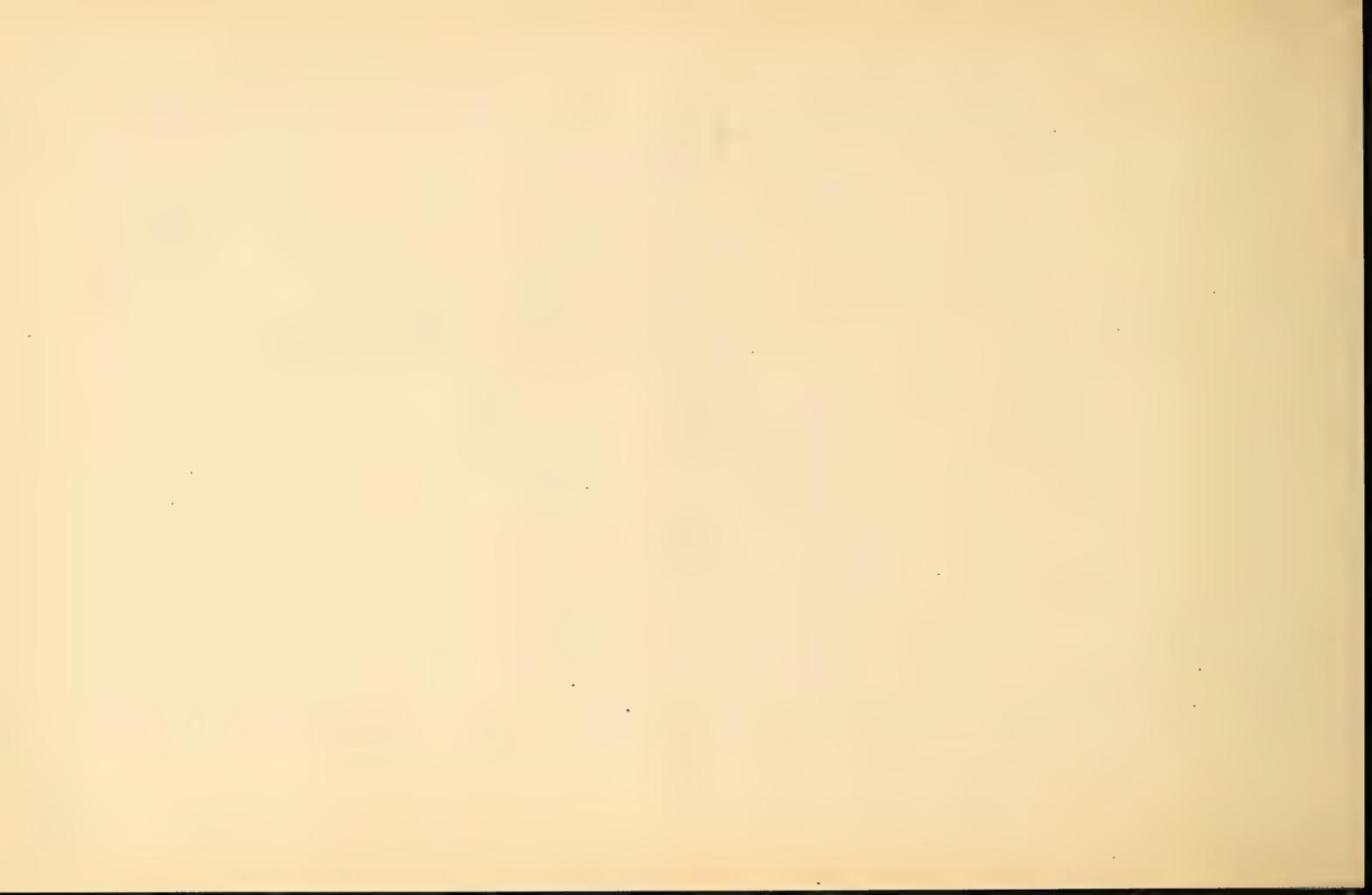
Tom.—Lith made me take it out. Thaid I couldn't have it to the rethep-tion. Bes.—Why we'll just have to have the cat, to play that game. You go right out and get it.

Tom.—But Beth, I can't. They won't let me have it in here.

Bes.—All right. Then I'll play with Rex Keating tomorrow. He's a nicer boy than you are, any way.

Tom.—I thay, Beth, that ain't fair. But I'll git that cat thome how, If you'll promithe to have nothin' to do with that Rekth Keating.

Bes.—All right, I'll promise.



Tom.—Honest?

Bes.—Honest Injin! Cross my heart. (She crosses heart.)

Tom.—Well then I'll git the cat. (Exit Tommy.)  
Jeems (enters and announces)—Mrs. Chub Jones. Mrs. Peter Poppinjay. Miss Peggy Green. They do not go to greet family, but go directly to front center and join Mesdames Tellerby, Blabb, and Gaswell.)

Mrs. Jones—What do you do at a reception? I don't know the first thing about 'em.

Mrs. Tell—You should shake hands with the Newriches first. Mrs. Jones—My! Let's go do it quick. (They go and begin at wrong end of receiving line.)

Miss Green (to Eliz.)—You didn't git that dress made here in town, did you Lizzie. (Lizzie shakes her head.)

Mrs. Poppin. (to Mrs. N.)—That's an awful party dress you've got on Betsy.

Mrs. N.—I'm glad you like it, Mary. I think it's real nice. Pa likes it real well too. It ain't just the shade I wanted, but it'll do.

Mrs. Poppin.—Did Miss Bird make it?

Mrs. N.—Well I guess not! It was imported from New York, Madam—Madam—(in loud voice)—Lizzie what is the name of that dress maker in New York, that made this dress.

Eliz. (looking mortified)—Never mind, mother.

(Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Poppinjay and Miss Green, again join Mrs. Tellerby, Mrs. Blabb and Mrs. Gaswell.)

Mrs. Poppin.—Why you have on your hats and gloves. I didn't know they kep' on their things at a party.

Mrs. Tell.—This is a reception, you know, and I read that you ought to wear 'em. (Here Miss Green slips out.)

Mrs. Poppin.—Say, had we ought to brought cards? I heard somebody say something about it, so I went and bought a etikwette book—but I couldn't find a thing.

Mrs. Jones—Yes, I guess so. I had some wrote a purpose, and then forgot to bring 'em. (Enter Miss Green with an antiquated hat on, and a pair of cotton gloves.

Mrs. Tell.—They ought to be engraved.

Mrs. Jones—Oh, mercy! Well, I'm glad I forgot 'em. Miss Green (in weak, worried voice)—Do you take off your gloves when you eat?

Mrs. Blabb—Yes, off the right hand.

Miss Green—Oh dear! and I'm left handed. Mrs. Poppin.—I'll feel awful cheap eatin' without a man; but I just couldn't make Poppinjay come.

Mrs. Jones—Jones wouldn't come nuther. But he never goes' no place. (Looking toward frappe stand.) What's that they got over in that fish globe?

Mrs. Gas.—That is frappe.

Miss Green—What's it fur?

Mrs. Gas.—It's something to drink.

Miss Green (in a shocked tone)—Will it make you drunk?

Mrs. Gas.—Oh, no, it is not intoxicating.

Mrs. Blabb—It's fine. Go try it. Mrs. Jones—Let's do. (They start, but Lord Feathernest is announced just then, and they stop and stare at him, openmouthed.)

Jeems (enters and announces)—Lord Heribert Gordon Irving Feathernest. (There is a mild sensation, and all crane necks to get a look at the lion of the evening. Lord F. greets family, bowing profoundly to Eliz.)

Mrs. N.—We are deluded to you. Purty late gettin' here ain't you?

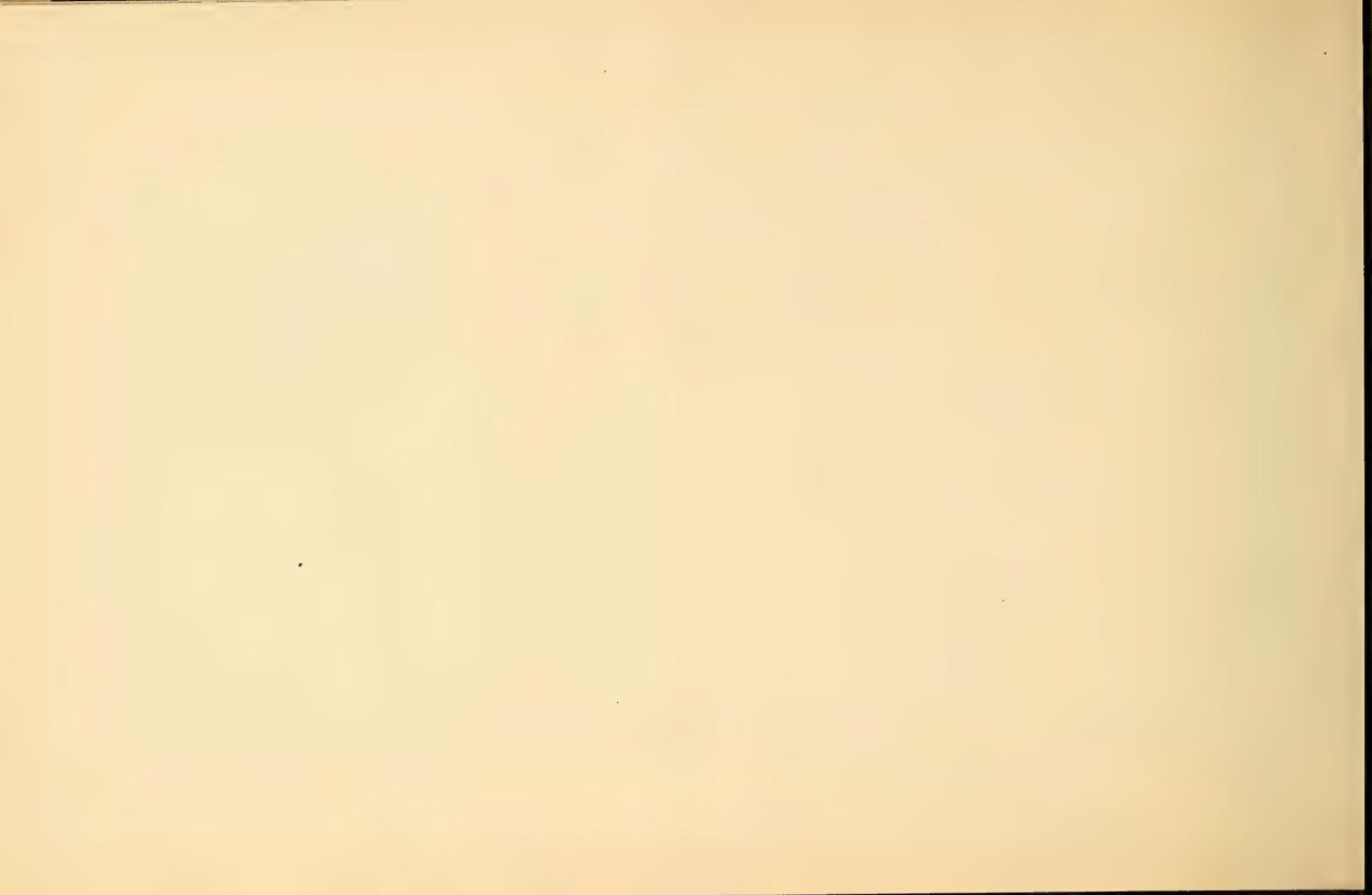
Lord F.—Aw, I don't know. I call this early, don't you know.

Mrs. N.—You do? I want you to meet some of our notorious people, Lord Feathernest. There's Colonel Getaway, a milishy man, and I know you are partial to milishy men. Then there's Judge Bagamore, one of our ex-tinguished citizens, and you surely must meet the Oneary J. Livingstone Mudd, a member of our house of Reprehensibles. Him and Mrs. Mudd have been in Washington society, and have even shook hands with the President of the United States.

Lord F.—Aw, no doubt they all are most estimable persons. (In a most patronizing way.)

Mrs. N.—Eliz., take Lord Feathernest around and 'interduce him. (Eliz. and Lord F. start towards left back.)

(Tommy returns with eat. His face is dirty, necktie untied, one stocking is down, and his shoe is untied.)



Tom.—Here's the cat, Beth.

Bes.—O-o-h Tommy Newrich! If you ain't a sight! You'll catch it all right if—(as Eliz. and Lord F. start towards left back, Eliz. hears what Bessie says and turns towards them.)

Eliz.—Thomas Alexander Newrich, where have you been? Go at once and have Miss Gray clean you up. And that cat again; what did I tell you about that? (Exit Tommy. Eliz. and Lord F. join young people, and Eliz. introduces Lord F. to each, young people being well toward front of left center.)

Mr. Ink.—Have you been in this country long, Lord Feathernest?

Lord F.—Aw. I believe it's about three months since I sailed for the States.

Dr. P.—How long have you been in the west?

Lord F.—Aw. It's a fortnight since I left New York.

Mr. Ink.—What do you think of our country?

Lord F.—It's beastly wild and uncivilized, don't you know.

Dr. P.—So you think we're pretty wild and woolly, do you?

Mr. Nink.—And he hasn't seen all our western products yet.

Dr. P.—Seen any Indians?

Lord F.—Aw, now don't you know, I haven't seen a single one of your blarsted redskins.

Mr. Ink.—We'll have to bring in a few specimens of our noble red men, to show him.

Ara.—Oh, Lord Feathernest, do tell us about England. We're dying to hear you give some account of your life there.

Lord F.—Oh—Ah—well now, Miss Gushter, what would like to hear?

Ara.—Tell us about your estate in England.

Lord F.—Ah, y-e-s, yes. Well, Feathernest Hall is my country seat, and I have a town house as well.

Ara.—Isn't it perfectly lovely and romantic—just like a story book?

(Lord F. and Eliz. pass to another group.)

Bea.—Wonder if Sam Do-well will be here.

Gen.—I feel sorry for him. They say he's all broke up.

Dr. Pull.—Of course he'll be here. Do-well's gritty. He'll not wear his heart on his sleeve.

Virginia—I believe Lizzie cared for him, all the same.

Bea.—I'm sure she did, and she'd married him too, if she hadn't met that Lord Feathernest.

Ara.—Oh sour grapes! Where's the girl who wouldn't turn down a common ranchman, for a lord?

(Enter William Overholzter, who appears at hall door without being announced.)

Mr. Over.—Hello folks! What's goin' on here?

Jeems (trying to pull him back)—Hold on, Bill, you ain't been announced.

Mr. Over.—I don't need no announcin', Jim. Everybody knows Bill Overholzter. How air ye, Nick? Money to throw to the birds, eh? Wal, Betsy, you air torched out to kill. You look jest like a full bloomed poppy. (to Ger.) Still busy doin' nothin', I reckon. Whars my gal Lizzie? (Looks around and sees her at last.) Oh, I see her over there. How air ye Lizzie? Goin' to git spliced they say.

Eliz.—How do you do? Let me introduce you to Lord Feathernest. Mr. Over.—How air ye Mr. Feathernest? I don't need no knockdown to Lizzie's man. She's one o' my gals.

Eliz.—Let me take your hat, Mr. Overholzter.

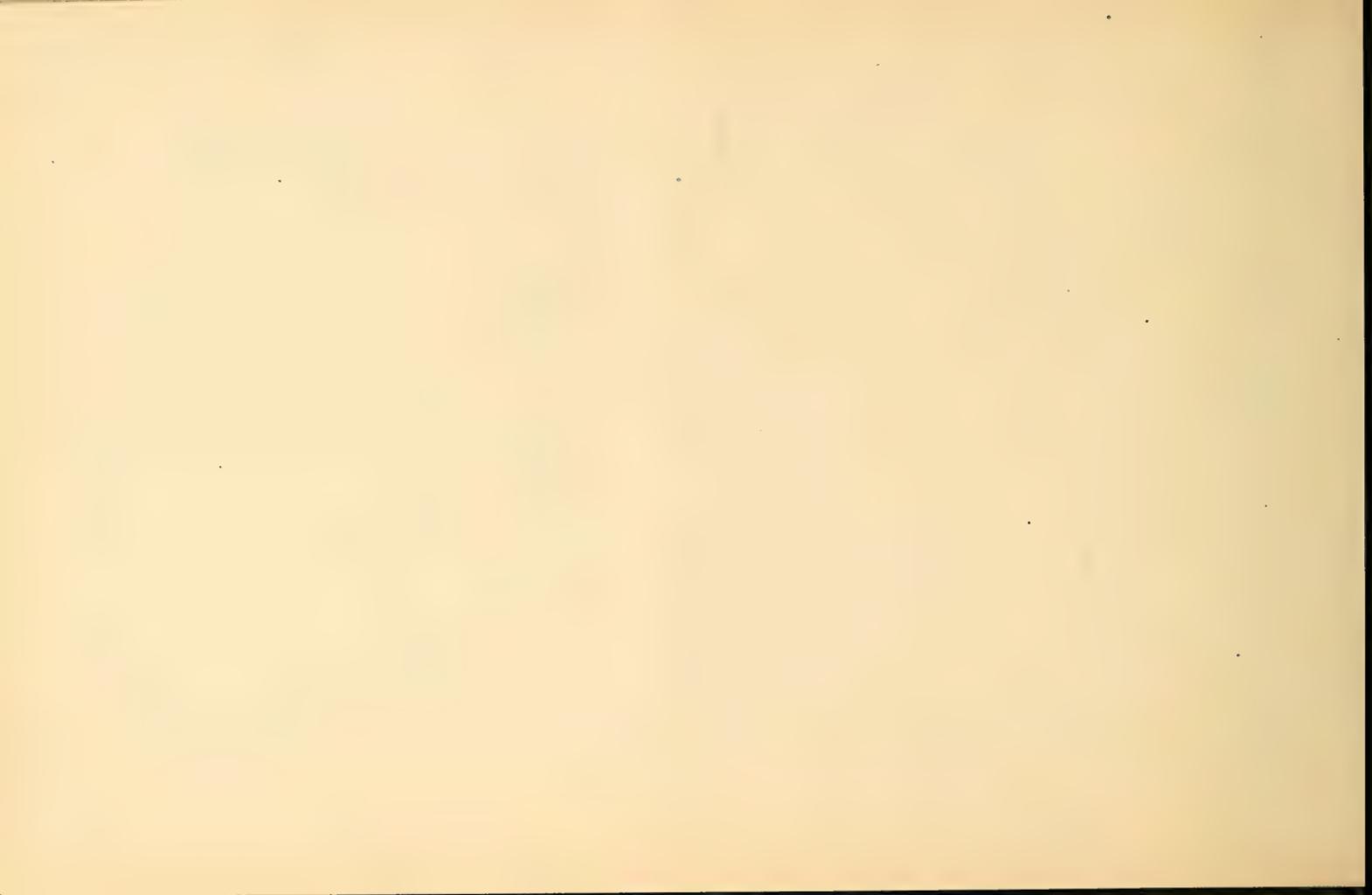
Mr. Over. (putting hand to head)—By gum! I clean forgot I hed it on. Put yer neednt Mr. me, Lizzie. I'm jest plain Uncle Billy, like I always wus. (Hands hat to Eliz. who takes it to Jeems. Mr. Over. then goes to young people.) An' here's the rest o' my gals, lookin' as sweet an' bloomin' as a posy bed. But very neednt let on to my wife as how I said that. You know how she abuses me.

Gen.—Yes, Uncle Billy, you look abused. We know Aunt Hetty. But why isn't she here tonight?

Mr. Over.—Oh, she's got string halt, er sumthin'. Her rheumatics is givin' her fits. She wus 'most afraid fur me to come alone, fur fear I'd git stole. But I'll move on or these boys'll be gittin' jealous. (Goes to Mrs. Popplinay, Mrs. Jones and Peggy Green.) Well, well, ain't we gay though? "WY, Peggy, got yer hat on. Ye ain't goin' home so soon air ye? Ye must wait fur yer beau.

Peg. (putting hand to face, smiling, but in drawling, shocked tone)—Why Mr. Overholzter!

Mr. Over. (as he moves along)—We'll don't git too frisky.



(Enter Aunt Permelia, who starts towards front of stage, followed by Jeems, who touches her on the arm. Aunt P. turns quickly.)

Aunt Per.—Fur the land sakes, Jim Tindall! What air you rigged up like that fur?

Jeems (in an undertone)—Miss Permelia, there's a party here. Miss Per.—A party did you say? Well I'm glad I got here in time. Just take my trunk upstairs, and I'll go and say howdy to the folks. (Aunt Per. goes forward, and places baggage in center of stage.)

Lord F. (putting up eyeglass)—Is that one of your western products? (Eliz. much distressed, starts towards aunt.)

Aunt Per. (shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. N.)—How air you Nicholas? Pears to me, they've got you pretty well togged up. How on airth did they ever get a stiff collar on you? How do you do, Betsy?

Eliz. (in undertone)—Auntie!

Aunt Per.—Well, Lizzie gal, you didn't expect your old auntie so soon, but here I am. Where's that little rascal of a nevy of mine, Tommy, who'll come to some bad end, if he don't mend his ways? (Aunt looks around, and not seeing him, says) I don't know all these folks, but I guess they'll excuse me, while I go upstairs, and change my dress.

Eliz. (who has been much distressed, as she sees people looking at each other and smiling)—You must be very tired, auntie. Wouldn't you rather stay in your room and rest?

Aunt P.—Tired! Me tired? Not a bit, honey.

Eliz.—Wait a minute then till I present Lord Feathernest to you. (Lord F. has sauntered over to where they are standing.) Aunt Permelia, this is Lord Feathernest. My aunt, Miss Newrich, Lord Feathernest.

Aunt P.—Lord what did you say?

Eliz.—Lord Feathernest.

Aunt P.—Oh, Featheryournest. Well, how do you do, Mr. Featheryournest. Shake hands. So you're a real live lord air ye? I don't see as you look so different from other folks, only you're not so good lookin' as some I've saw. So you're the man my niece is goin' to marry? Well, you may be a singed cat—better 'n you look. One eye weak, eh? Have to keep a glass over it. Too bad. I've got some powerful good eye water, so mebby we kin set ye cured. But I must go upstairs and put on my company clothes. (Exit Aunt P.)

Mrs. Tell (aside)—Wonder what Lord Feathernest thinks of this member of the Newrich family?

Tom. (entering after getting re-arranged after cat episode, with mouth covered with chocolate. He goes to left center to Bessie)—I thay, Beth, you jhult ought to thee our dinin' room—the moth good thingh. Gee! It's a thight, um, um! I bring you a pletie o' chocolate. (Hands her a bit of chocolate which he has crushed in his hand.)

Bess (eating it)—My, but that's good! Give me some more, stingy.

Tom—Aint' got no more.

Bess—Aint' they no more out there?

Tom—Sure! Hull heaph of it.

Bess—Go get me some then.

Tom—Well—but if Lith catcheth me, she'll give me fith.

Bess—Cowardy cat! Come on, I'll go with you. (Exit Tom and Bess.)

(Musicians enter and begin tuning instruments, if stringed instruments are used. If an orchestra, gives selections. Mrs. N. speaks of them as 'musician-ers.' If only a violinist plays, she calls him a "violinist.")

Mrs. N. (to those near her, while instruments are being tuned)—There's the musicians. Do you know, we have to pay two hundred dollars, for the renderation of a single piece. They are importated from San Francisco. (Tom and Bess return, with mouths well covered with chocolate and Tom has pockets bulging with sweets. They go to left front to divide candy.)

Bess—Now, divvy fair, Tommy.

Tom—You bet I will. Thay, Beth, do you want me to be a lord, when I'm a man?

Bess—Well, I guess not, Tommy Newrich. Do you think I want you goin' round with one of them things stuck in your eye? Not much!

Tom—Well, I'm mighty glad. I'd ruther be a girl than a lord. (Tom and Bess go over to frappe stand and stay through program, during which they tie apron strings of maids together.)

(Here program is introduced without any announcing. There should be at least three or four numbers—music, readings, or whatever is best suited



to audience. During program, some whisper, but no loud talking, till some one has sung.)

Mrs. N. (as singer leaves the stage)—Why, we was told that she was a notorious singer, but I don't think the sings as good as Cecille Quack, who is away to an observatory now, taking treatment for her voice.

(As soon as program is finished the maids start to go out with trays and glasses, but find themselves tied together.)

Marie—Oh, mercy! What's the matter? (They get untied, laughing the while.)

Mrs. N. (in a loud voice, stepping to center of stage)—Now, folks, go out to the dinin' room, and get somethin' to eat. And don't be afraid to eat hearty, for we've made ample appropriations for you, and everything is in high style, too, for the cook at the calf (cafe) in Butte, was the cakerist, Mr. Over (very loud)—That's good hearin'. I mes as empty as corn shucks after a huskin'. (Goes to Mesdames Poppinjay, Jones and Peggy Green.) No call fur me to eat all alone. What's the matter with me havin' three gals. Come on.

(Eliz. and Lord F., Mayor and Mrs. Graftefly, Judge and Mrs. Bagamore, Mrs. Tellerby, Mr. and Mrs. DeHogg, Mr. and Mrs. Mudd repair to dining room, followed by Mr. Overholtzer and the three ladies. Miss G. minces as if walking on eggs.)

(While these are going out, Dr. Quack goes to frappe stand, then to right front, and talks with Jerry and enter Hank Mitchell.)

Hank (entering)—Hullo, Jim! I didn't savvy who you was at fust, surgin' in' forth in them clo's.

Jeems—Well, Hank, what name shall I announce?

Hank—Futher delekit question to ask a gent's name in these parts, but yekin hand out my title, as John Henry Mitchell.

Jeems (announces)—John Henry Mitchell.

Mr. N. (as he greets Hank)—How are you, Hank? You're mighty well-come.

Hank—Thanky, old pard. You've got a soshul party on fur shure. Doin' things some metropolitan, I see.

Mr. N.—Yes, the women folks got me into this.

Hank—Well, it aint' natcherly my brand o' pow-wow, but as yer little *Liz* is about to be fined in bounds of holy matrimony, I made a pint to attend speshul.

Mrs. N. (approaching)—Why, here's Hank—Mr. Mitchell. We are glad to see you. Go an' have some flappay.

Hank—Don't know the brand.

Mrs. N.—Try it, anyhow. You'll find it a very refrigeratin' drink. Hank—Somethin' to drink, eh? Well, I'll sample it to please ye, Betsy. (Goes and drinks frappe.) Taint' persisly the brand o' redlicker they have up Snake Crick. It's some weak. A gallon wouldn't hurt none. (Gerald approaches.) Well, Jerry, old boy, y'e're still a tenderfoot, I reckon, but I low y'e're gittin' upholstered mental, at that institushun of eddicashun, which ye air attendin'.

Gen.—Yes, Hank, I'm what you'd call a great student. (Hank keeps in background for a time, watching what goes on, but saying nothing.)

Jeems (announces)—Colonel Getaway. Sam Do-well.

Col. G. (who after greeting Mr. and Mrs. N. approaches young people with Do-well and says, making a profound bow)—Good evenin', ladies. By Geօ! but you-all look stunnin'. Why I haven't seen such a charming group of loveliness, since the wa'.

Gen.—Oh come now, Colonel, you don't expect us to take you seriously do you?

Bea.—You needn't try to flatter us, you know, for we've known you ever since we can remember. Col. G.—Bless my soul! You-all are mighty pe'a't. But what I said came from my heart, 'pon my hono' it did.

Gen.—Oh pshaw, Col. Getaway, many's the fair one, who's heard those very same compliments. We don't care for "hand me down's", thank you.

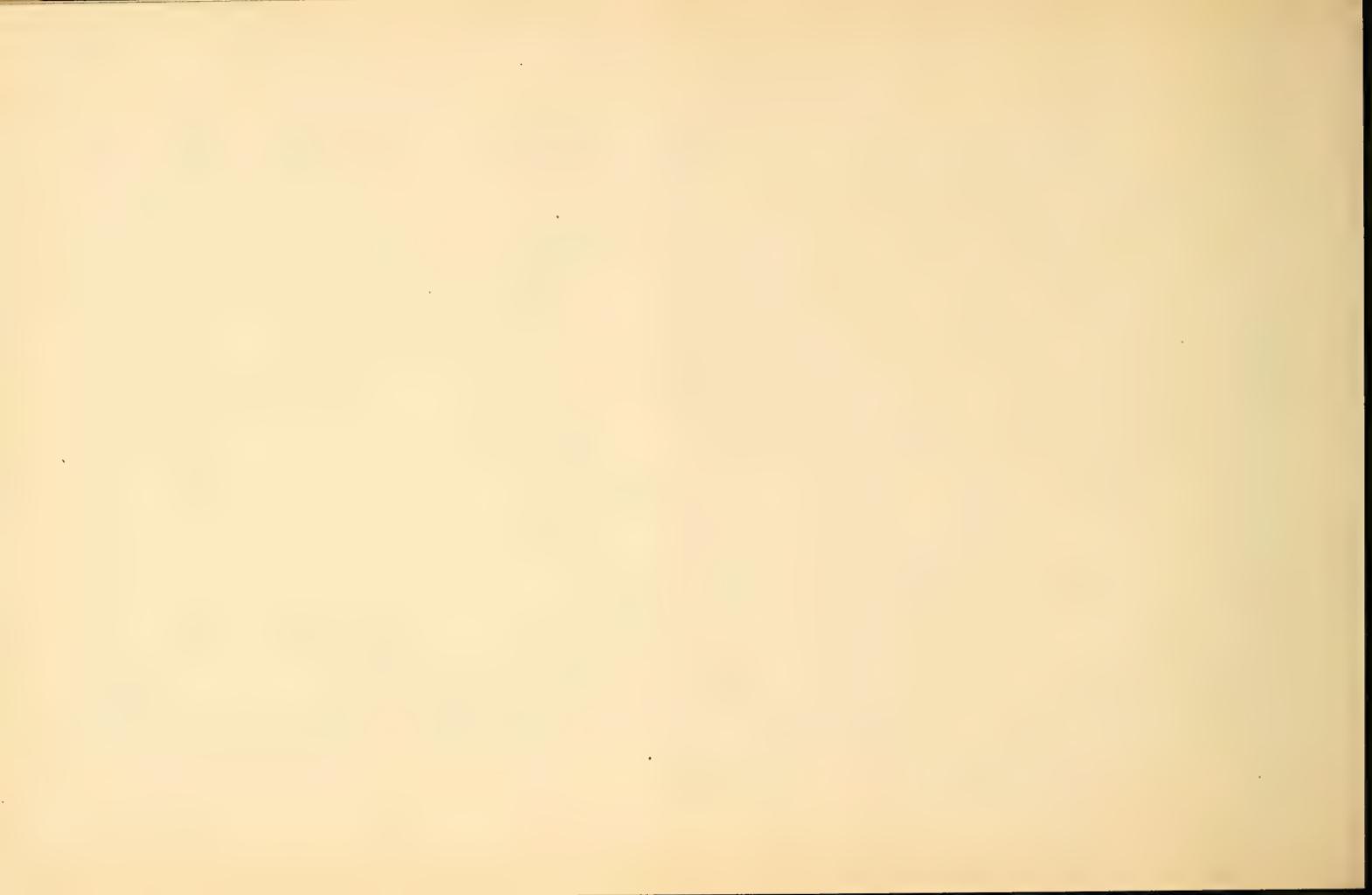
Col. G.—Don't you think you-all a'e duced had' heated?

You make me feel mighty bad. You c'e'tainly do.

Bea.—I suppose you think we can't hold a candle, to the girls bred in old Kentucky.

Col. G.—The girl's of the blue grass state a'e mighty fine, bless 'em, with hea'ts as wa'n fo' the old soldie', as thei' own sunny clime.

Ara.—Girls you just ought to be ashamed to talk to Col. Getaway in that



style, when he's such a dear. Why 'Colonel, I think it's awfully sweet of you to say such things, and I appreciate your admiration, if the others don't, and I'm going to ask you to take me to the dining room, and none here will have a more courtly and gallant escort.

Col. G.—Bless you, Miss Gushington, fo' you' kind wo'ds. They soothe and comfort my wounded heart, mo' than I can, say. (They move toward dining room and encounter Hank Mitchell near center of stage.)

Hank (hitting Col. on shoulder)—Hello pard! What air ye up to? Doin' yer star sturt?

Col. G.—Why how d'y'e do, old boy? Was ha'dly expectin' to see you.

Hank—Wasn't eh? Well tain't often I leave the ranch fur any sich doin's, but when the boss communnerated the fact, that his Liz was about to be jined to a furren lord, I chucked the hull business, an' goes headin' fur Rocky Gulch, fur ye know I've hed a mighty soft spot 'in my heart fur Liz, ever sence she were a leetle kid. Ain' my' aint she growed some? Ain't she a dazzler? A reg'lar sky born star, an' it don't take no astronomer man to find her out nuther. But, Colonel old chap, whose the gorg'ous looker you have in tow? "Twouldn't be a bum idee, to let me in on the deal, would it?

Say, she's a brandied peach!

Col. G. (smiling)—Why old fellow, you've sca'cely given me an opportunity. (Turning to Miss G.) Miss Gushington, I want you to meet my friend Mitchell. Miss Gushington, Hank.

Hank—J'm awful edified to meet you.

Ara.—And I'm delighted to meet you. In regular costume too, shooting irons and all. How lovely!

Hank (pulling out shooting iron)—She is a beauty, shore. Col. G. (dodging)—Look out the' man. You-all a'e mighty free with that gun.

Hank—Plum' scairt, air ye Getaway? (Puts gun away.)

Col. G.—Oh no, no! Only fealed fo' Miss Gushington's safety.

Ara.—I'm not afraid. (to Hank) I've heard so much about you, I don't feel that you are a stranger.

Hank—Now who's been shootin' off about me?

Ara.—Why Mr. Newrich thinks you're one of the best fellows on earth, and the Colonel here, quotes you frequently.

Hank—W'y that's mighty strange! D'y'e s'pose they was chinnin' in real earnest?

Ara.—Why! I don't know.

Hank—Of course it ain't on the level. They didn't mean it.

Col. G. (Laughing)—Hank, Miss Gushington, sca'cely understands you. He wonders, Miss Gushington, if ou' friendship is real.

Ara.—Real! Well I should say so. You haven't any better friends in the world.

(Dr. Quack crosses from right to left front to join young people, and meets Hank in center, just after Col. G. says)

Col. G.—Well, Miss Gushington, shall we go-to the dining room? (exit Col. and Miss Gush.)

Hank—Hello, Dock!

Dr. —Why how are you, Hank?

Hank—I'm as fine as a fiddle. How's business? You don't let none of 'em die with their boots on, do you? Yours is a strictly legitimint avenoo o' swellin' a graveyard.

(While Hank and Dr. Q. are talking, Mrs. Tellerby and Mrs. Blabb cross to left front arm and talk earnestly in pantomime. As Hank leaves Dr. Q. he espies them, and passes to them.)

Hank—Here you air, as thick as thieves, an' chatterin' away together as sossible as a pair of bloo-joys.

Mrs. B.—Now, Mr. Hank, you wouldn't say that about us, would you?

Hank—You shore some volvooible, air' plum' able, as talkers.

Mrs. Tell.—You horrid man!

Mr. Ink. (as Hank passes group of young people)—Why how are you Hank. Didn't expect to see you here.

Hank—Hit the trail afore sunup this mornin', an' here I be surgin' out in s'ciety. Any galoots been shootin' up the Howler offis recent?

Mr. Ink.—Not since Monday. We had a little shooting party then, but no fatalities.

Hank—If this yere keeps up constant, you'll have to get Doc over thar to bed down yer narves.

Dr. Pull—How's every thing up Snake Creek, Hank?

Hank—O-h swingin' along about as usyoal. (Turns as if to leave.)



Ink.—Don't be in a hurry, Hank.

Hank.—Thankee, but I'm just perambulatin' an' pervadin' 'round. Don't want to make myself redundant none. Might interfere with the exuberant spirits of yearlin's. They're full o' fun as a Virginny reel, an' I'm a heap pleased to see it.

Miss S.—Mr. Hank's dressed to kill this evening, with his shooting iron a conspicuous part of his costume.

Hank.—Now see here, Miss Skoolmarm, don't you go to joshin' me abou' this yere weepion. You women folks haint no room to talk. You wear your weepions too. Them prod poles ye spike yet hats on with.

Miss S.—Sure! Our hat-pins are formidable enough, if we'd use them.

Guess we'll have to try them on you boys, and get in practice.

Hank.—Then you gent's'll have to frame yourselves up with shot guns. A shot gun goes to the spot direct, but for effectyoal excoosum, said hat pin is a poignant second. But I can't stay here throwin' sentences, 'so long.

(While this conversation is going on, Mr. and Mrs. Mudd, Mrs. Tellerry, Mr. and Mrs. DeHogg return from diningroom. Ladies cross over to trappe stand, while men join other men.)

Lord F. (enters from dining room, and goes to young people)—Miss Gas-

well, have you Elizabeth's fan?

Bea. (holding up two fans)—I think I must, for I certainly have more than my share. I remember now, she asked me to hold hers a minute, and here I've been carrying around two fans, for no tellin' how long.

Gen.—Which proves conclusively that you are somewhat excited.

Dr. P.—Meet Mr. Do-well, Lord Featherneest. (Men bow very stiffly.)

Lord F.—Ah, this is master Tommy's special friend.

Sam (who is very deliberate in his conversation, using a slow drawl)— Certain. Tommy and I are jolly good chums, eh, Tommy?

Tom. (looking up from play a second)—You bet!

Lord F.—Well I must say you have curious tastes. It offends my sensibilities to mingle with such persons.

Sam—I see. Not a good mixer. It might do you good to get stirred up a bit. You're w-e-l-l somewhat soft.

Lord F.—You flatter me. Why don't you know, I've really been called "hard."

Sam—It was a base slander. Lord F.—My dear fellah, you have considerable penetration, for one who has seen so little of the world.

Sam—Oh, I've been as far as Missoula. Ever been there?

Lord F.—What would I go to Missoula for?

Sam—To look around. They have a court house there you ought to see, and the county jail isn't half bad.

Lord F.—My good man, I am used to the magnificent buildings of London. A country court house, Pah!

Sam—I tell you you ought to see that court house. It's like some people I've met—so high up and exclusive. When I saw your London buildings, they sort of 'jostled' each other; all kinds of 'em mixed up promiscuous like. You have plenty of ruined castles over there too, and ruined fortunes, by the way.

Lord F.—Of course you westerners can not appreciate our fine old ruins. Everything is so new and crude out here, don't you know. And mingling with all classes of people, as you do, neither can you appreciate the polish of a finished gentleman.

Sam—(very deliberately)—I don't know about that. I think I see your finish. I can tell a thoroughbred.

Lord F. (bowing)—Ah, thank you. Then you can understand, that the only thing which keeps me, in such an uncongenial atmosphere is the charm of a certain young lady. Miss Newrich lacks polish now, but after being with me awhile, she will acquire a finish.

Sam (sarcastically)—Undoubtedly, living with you, would finish anybody. Lord F.—So glad you understand. Her present surroundings are not very elevating, don't you know. Her father and mother are quite impossible, of course; but the young lady—she's well worth the price. A-h, I understand you also have bowed at her shrine.

Sam—Look here, Lord Featherneest, when you speak slightly of Mr. and Mrs. Newrich, remember they are the parents of your future wife, and as for the young lady herself, we will leave her entirely out of the conversation, if you please.

Lord F.—O-h, a-h, yes. No doubt it is a painful subject to you. But I can't be expected to understand your feelings, don't you know.



Sam—You're right. The feelings of a gentleman are entirely beyond you.

Good evening, Lord Feathernest. (Turns on heel and walks away.)

Lord F. (Looks after him in a dazed way)—By Jove! What a vulgah person! (Lord F. then returns to dining room.)

(During this conversation, young people look as if enjoying the way Sam keeps even with Lord F., and when he gets ahead, they nudge each other, and Dr. Quack may smother a laugh a time or two. As soon as Lord F. leaves room, Sam returns to young people.)

Doc. Pull—Bravo, Samny. It takes your Uncle Sam to get ahead of Johnny Bull every time. But come on, let's go to supper. (They all start. Dr. Quack offers his arm to Genevieve Tellerby with a profound bow and they are last in the group of young people and Tommy mimics Dr. Quack, offering his arm to Bessie and they follow the young people to supper, Tommy and Bess strutting along.)

Doc. Pull—Young people start for dining room. Mrs. Mudd goes to portrait which hangs on right side wall.)

Mrs. N. (who joins her)—That is a portraiture of a diseased friend of mine that I thought a heap of.

Mrs. M.—Ah!

Mrs. N.—Yes, her death was most heart renderin'. When her husband left for his office she was as well as usual, but when he got home he found her in convolutions—fits we used to call 'em. She had been attacked when she was alone by herself.

Mrs. M.—How awful!

Mrs. N.—Wasn't it? They got a doctor, and he had her took to the hospital in the avalanche, and done every thing for her, but the convolutions re-

turned and kep' up without any secession, till she died.

Mrs. M.—How very sad!

Mrs. N.—Yes, the shock caused her husband to have nervous prosperton, an' he ain't recovered yet, though it's been more'n a year sence the fatal death. (As Mrs. N. goes toward center front she is joined by Mrs. Tellerby and Mrs. Blabb.)

Mrs. B.—I see you have the mayor after all.

Mrs. N.—Yes, we invited him on his wife's account, fur while the mayor has done some contestable things, Mrs. Graftery is such a culpable little body, I thought it too bad to leave her out.

Mrs. Tell. (much excited)—Why, what do you mean? What's the mayor been doing?

Mrs. N.—Why haven't you heard the dreadful scandal? I 'lowed everybody knowed of his carryin' on. You see, he's so crazy for votes, he joined the Drovers Alliance, an' he don't know the first thing about cattle. Then he ornigated his house with flags, and marched on Decoration Day, to resurrect the soldiers' graves, to make hisself solid with the soldiers, you understand; then he gave \$5,000 fur the new hospital, as an impediment to get votes, an' they do say he went down into the miners' quarters, an' kissed every baby there.

Mrs. Tell.—The 1-dea!

Mrs. B.—To think that our town has to be governed by a man like that—a man who would give a bribe.

Mrs. N.—That's what I say. It orter be a drawback, instead of an impediment to help him along, an' he ort to be excavated from office.

(During this conversation Mrs. Gaswell goes to left front, and as Mrs. N. starts from Mrs. B. and Mrs. T., she calls her.)

Mrs. G. (in a mysterious manner)—I never do repeat idle gossip, but I think you ought to know what some, who call themselves your friends, are saying, but of course it isn't true.

Mrs. N.—What do you mean? I'm sure nobody'd dare say a word a'gin my repetition.

Mrs. Gas.—W-eil, it's not so much you, as Lizzie. Some people are so jealous you know.

Mrs. N.—What have you heard, and who said it? Tell me this minute.

Mrs. G.—Oh, I hate to say anything about it, bu' since you insist. Mrs. Tellerby is tellin' all around town that Lizzie courted Lord Feathernest—that she fairly threw herself at him, or she'd never have got him.

Mrs. N. (much excited)—Don't you believe it. It's a lie. Mrs. Tellerby always was a scandal mongrel, an' anybody what knows her will collaborate my statement.

Mrs. G.—Calm yourself, my dear. I said I didn't believe it. But you



Mrs. N.—I won't let on, but she'll pay for that, the hateful old thing! (During this conversation Mayor and Mrs. Graftery enter from the dining room. Mayor joins Mudla, and Mrs. Graftery joins Mrs. N.)

Mrs. Graft.—Mrs. Newrich, how is Mrs. Johnson, poor thing?

Mrs. N.—She's convalescing now. I am glad to say.

Mrs. N.—Their condition is quite destitute.

Mrs. N.—Their condition is most pathetical. They have been most unfortunate, but I have managed to get a few comforts for them. I got a new alabaster limin' for their cook stove, and bought a new remorris chair for her, which she enjoys so much. I was afraid to go there at first, for fear her complaint was contedious, but Dr. Quack says not, that her disease is here-ee-dit-ive in the family. I wish we could get them in another part of town, for there is not an admiration set of people down where they live. (Mrs. Blabb and Mrs. DeHogg join Mrs. N. and Mrs. Graft.)

Mrs. N.—Do you know, ladies, that the Italian musician we had play at the resital, is one of the notedest in the world. But for all that, I don't believe he knows very much.

Mrs. B.—I didn't think much of the playing either.

Mrs. N.—Why when I asked him if he could play the Meddlesome Wednesday March, he looked so queer, and didn't seem to know what I meant. An' that's so common too.

Mrs. B. (sarcastically)—How strange!

Mrs. DeHogg—Will Elizabeth take a trip on the continent, before settling down in her English home?

Mrs. N.—Oh yes, she's goin' to travel several months. They'll go to London, Paris, and Italy. I tell her that when she goes to Paris she mustn't get sic in love with it that she'll become a parasite. They're goin' to stay quite a time in Italy, an' I 'spect she'll become Italized by the time she leaves that country.

Mrs. DeHogg—How delightful the trip will be.

Mrs. N.—Yes, and there aint' no doubt but you ladies'll be remembered, for she means to send soo-ver-e-noes to all her friends. (exit Mrs. B. and Mrs. G. to dining room.)

(During this conversation Lord Feathernest and Elizabeth, Col. Getaway and Arabella come from dining room, cross stage to right center front, and stand in group chatting. Judge and Mrs. Bagamore come from dining room, the judge joins some group and Mrs. Bagamore joins Mrs. Newrich and Mrs. DeHogg. Tommy and Bessie enter and go well to front at left, he pulls label from his pocket (already prepared) they put their heads together and giggle and whisper and Tommy writes with a pencil.)

Mrs. Bag.—Are your eyes better than they were when I called last, Mrs. Newrich?

Mrs. N.—No, my dear Mrs. Judge Bagamore, I'm afearred they aint'. They seem to be gettin' catarterax on them.

Mrs. Bag.—That's bad. You surely ought to have something done for them.

Mrs. N.—Pa is very anxious to have me consult an octogenarian, but I hate so to go to a doctor's office. I don't know whether he'll get me any further than the antic room, or not. But have you et yet?

Mrs. Bag.—Just came from the dining room, thank you.

(During this conversation Tommy slips up behind Lord F. and pins paper on him. It reads in clear plain letters "I'm It." People see it, and nudge each other, and Aunt Permelia enters from left, with bottle of eye water in hand, and examines label closely.)

Aunt Per. (stepping in front of Lord F.)—So you're it, air ye? Well, from all I see here tonight, that's plain enough, without goin' 'round publishing it. Lord F.—Madam, I do not understand, don't you know. You talk deuced strange. I do not comprehend.

Aunt Per. (disgustedly)—Oh, you don't. I'm sure what you don't know, would fill several books. I think you've gone to Addletown, an' have took my brother's whole family with you.

Eliz.—Why auntie, what do you mean by talking to Lord Feathernest in that way? (to Lord F.) Please excuse auntie, she is a little ah—eccentric.

(Genevieve directs Elizabeth's attention to label on Lord F. and Eliz. smatches it off. Some of my bright brother's work, no doubt. Mother do you suppose you could make that child behave? He shall be severely punished.

Mrs. N.—My goodness, gracious me!

Lord F.—Oh no, Elizabeth, don't think of having the child punished. It is only a boyish prank. (aside) The little savage! I'd like to get hold of him!



Eliz.—Well, since you plead for him Lord Feathernest, he may go this time. (In lower tone) You are so generous, dear.

Lord F. (in same low tone)—I would not mind having it occur again, if I could receive such sweet words of commendation from you. (Exit Mrs. Newrich by hall door.)

Aunt Per. (handing eye water to Lord F.)—Here's that eye water. Put one drap in yer eye three times a day, an' ye soon'll hev no use fur that glass thing.

Eliz. (grabbing bottle from Aunt Per.)—says in an aside] Oh, what next? (to Lord F.) Let us get some fresh air. (Exit to right.)

Aunt Per.—Well I never! (Going to Mrs. DeHogg) You've got it too, have you?

Mrs. DeH.—Got what? I don't know what you mean?

Aunt Per.—W'y the eczemy, like me. (Holding up hands encased in mitts or gloves without fingers) Ain't that w'y you wearin' them gloves?

Mrs. DeH. (in disgust)—How absurd! I never had eczema in my life.

Aunt Per.—You're mighty lucky, I kin tell you.

(During this conversation enter Hank and Mr. Newrich. Hank strolls to

Aunt Per. who is at left center toward front.)

Aunt Per.—W'y how air ye, Mr. Hank? You don't seem to be rigged up in style like the rest, but I don't think none the less o' ye fur that. There's entirely too much style around here to suit me.

Hank.—No ma'am, gents like me, don't go in fur the splendid costoms of tenderfeet.

Aunt Per.—But mercy on us man! What you wearin' that gun fur? I'd feel a sight more comfortable, if you'd take that murderous thing off. No end o' accidents happen, because people don't know they air loaded.

Hank.—This is loaded proper ma'am; all six barrels, an' ready fur action constant. I'm a prompt an' willin' performer on a six shooter. No danger o' any accidents, or mistakes. Jest rest easy, ma'am.

Aunt Per.—I'm afear'd o' the dreadful things, without lock, stock, or bar'l. But I aint afear'd o' nuthin' else, nor nobody, an' I al'ays hev my own way.

Hank.—You still peramberlate in single harness, I take it?

Aunt Per.—Yes, Mr. Hank, I do. I be single, an' I don't want no man botherin' round.

Hank.—But don't ye git to honin' fur some one to talk to, an' to give a piece o' yer mind to?

Aunt Per.—Oh, I manage to relieve my mind all right, an' I'm here to say that I don't see what Nicholas wants to put on all this fool style fur. W'y they oncl lived in an old shack.

Hank.—They shore did, an' said shack wa'nt jest sim'ler to this yere. Thar wa'nt no picters an' hangin's. (Enter Mrs. N. here, who goes busting around in important way, from group to group.) But Miss Newrich is a heap pleased with all this. Look at her now, lookin', round like a prairie hen. She's doin' the floor managin'.

Aunt Per.—Betsy al'ays was soft. Hank.—It takes all kinds o' folks. There's them that is plum' easy. Then there's them like you, not gentled an' well broke. But that don't hurt none. I like that kind of a hawse—same with hoomans—I like 'em full o' snap an' fire.

You're out an' out, an' on the square.

Aunt Per.—Well, you hev a queer way o' sayin' things, but you seem to be well meanin'.

Hank.—Shore, I mean well. I'm not up in matters o' the heart, an' fallin' into love, I knew one fledglin' who would plant hisself fur hours, an' grin ecclotic at a mark, an' thinks I, that feller's intellecks has pulled their pins, an' he's goin' locoed. But Doc Piersoll said he was in love. Now it's plum' impossible fur me to carry on, that-a-way. I can't make no address, but I'm sole alone, so what d'ye say to our goin' in double harness?

Aunt Per.—Well, I must say you're quite forward in yer manners. What on earth would I do with a man?

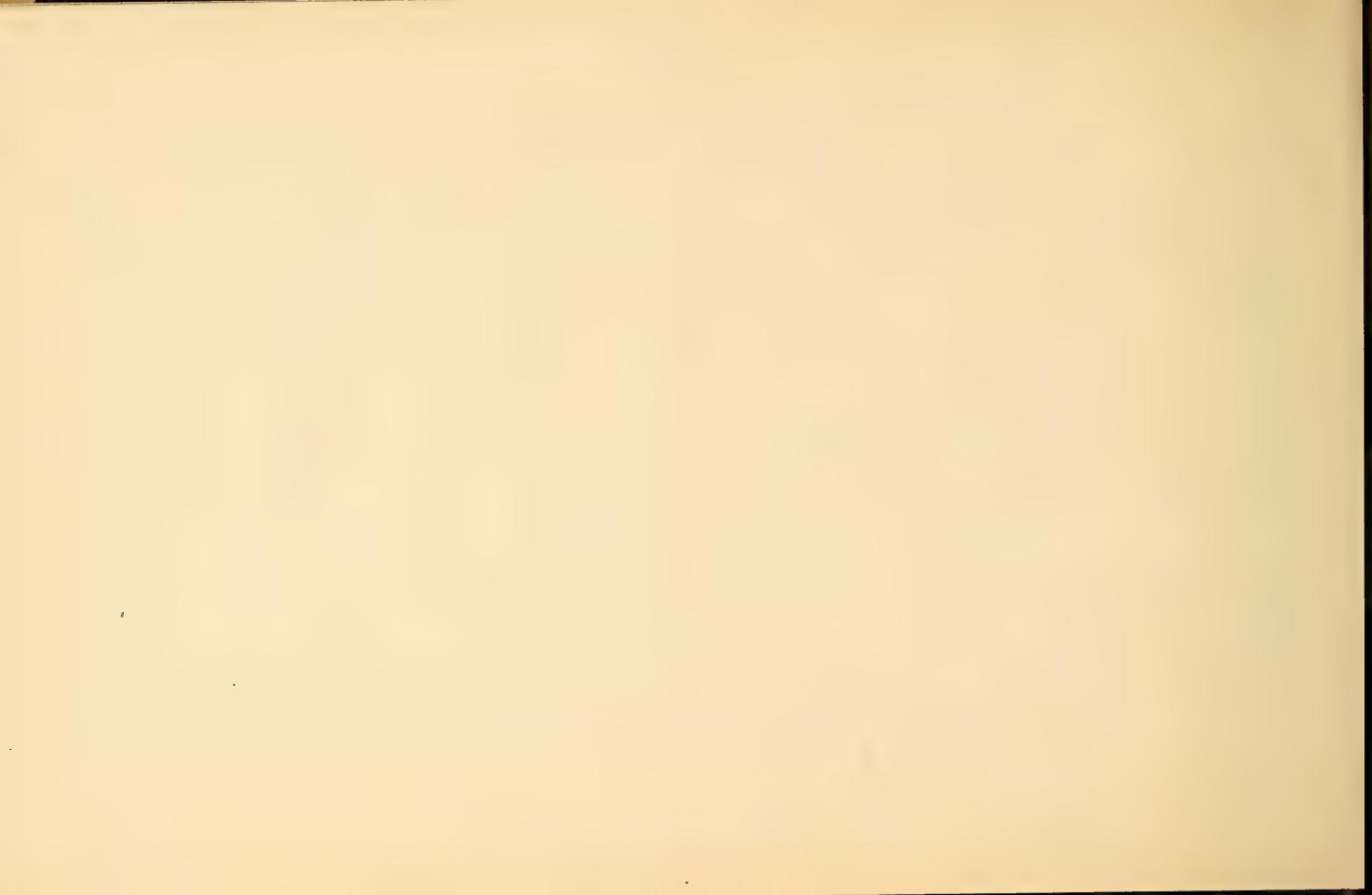
Hank.—Oh, jest round him up, an' corrall him. You'll find him plum' handy to hev 'round. My old pard, yer brother'll tell ye, I'm white to the back, an' I'll treat you white. Wat d'ye say?

Aunt Per.—I'm not easy upset, an' I'm usually ready with my tongue, but I must say, you've got me this time.

Hank.—That's what I want—to git ye.

Aunt Per.—But I didn't mean that, fur ye ain't got me.

Hank.—Course not. I know that. Undoubted ye feel kinder jolted now,



an' yer sens'bilities all sprawled out. But you'll come to d'reckly. Want to eat! They got a barbecue on. Roasted steer, or som'thin'. Come on, le's see what it's like. (as they start off stage) I'll hold on plum' pashunt, till ye come to. (Exit Aunt Per. and Hank. Enter Mrs. Gaswell and Mrs. Blabb, who go to center front.)

Mrs. Tell. (coming up to Mrs. B. and Mrs. Gas.)—Did you see what happened? Didn't you see it? Well I never!

Mrs. B.—No, no, what do you mean?

Mrs. Gas.—What did you see? What was it? Mrs. Tell.—Well you missed it! That little imp of a Tommy, pinned a label on Lord Feathernest's coat, on which was written as plain as could be, "I'm It!" Isn't it too rich?

Mrs. Gas.—Well I could say! Children and fools speak the truth, sure enough.

Mrs. B.—That Tommy is a spoiled boy, if there ever was one. He's a perfect terror!

Mrs. Gas.—They certainly have their troubles, while breaking into society.

Mrs. B.—This affair must have cost a lot of money.

Mrs. Tell.—They can afford it, to gain so distinguished a son-in-law.

Mrs. B.—Rumor says it is a desperate case, with Lord Feathernest; that he hasn't a cent to his name.

Mrs. Gas.—I heard it was just dreadful, the way Elizabeth ran after him in New York.

Mrs. Tell.—I wouldn't be a bit surprised. She always was a bold design-ing piece.

Mrs. B.—Mrs. Newrich disgusts me, the way she is trying to force herself into good society. It is scandalous! And such awful grammar as she talks!

Mrs. Gas.—Doesn't she look like a fright tonight?

Mrs. Tell.—I understand that Gerald is getting to be quite a sport. He's making his father's money fly. They say his cronies work him for all he's worth.

Mrs. Gas.—Mrs. Masters tells me, that she can remember when the Newriches were so poor, they didn't know where their next meal was coming from, and they didn't have a decent du<sup>d</sup> to put on. And look at them now!

Mrs. Tell.—Why my goodness! Mrs. Newrich worked out before she was married. I know this is true, for she worked for my aunt's sister-in-law.

Mrs. Gas.—Horrors! You don't say? I don't see why people take them up, as they do.

Mrs. B.—Oh money! Money will do anything. For my part, culture and refinement go a good deal farther with me, than mere money.

Mrs. Gas.—I should say so. Mrs. Newrich fairly grates on the nerves of a sensitive person. She actually speaks already, of Lord Feathernest as her son.

Mrs. B.—Isn't Lord Feathernest distinguished looking? I don't know what he saw in Lizzie Newrich to admire. Some folks call her pretty, but I can't see it. She can't hold a candle to your daughter, Genevieve, Mrs. Teller- by.

Mrs. Tell.—Oh thank you, Mrs. Blabb. Genevieve is a pretty girl—so modest and retiring. She'll never throw herself at any man. But to change the subject—I just heard the scandal about the mayor tonight. How does it happen you have not told me about it?

Mrs. Gas.—Why I thought I had. That was a shocking oversight, my dear.

Mrs. Tell.—There's Mrs. Mudd over there. I must find out if she knows about the mayor. (Goes to Mrs. Mudd.)

Mrs. B.—Well did you ever? I could hardly keep my face straight, when Mrs. Tellerby said Genevieve was so modest. Why I think she has set her cap for every young man for miles around. Modest Indeed!

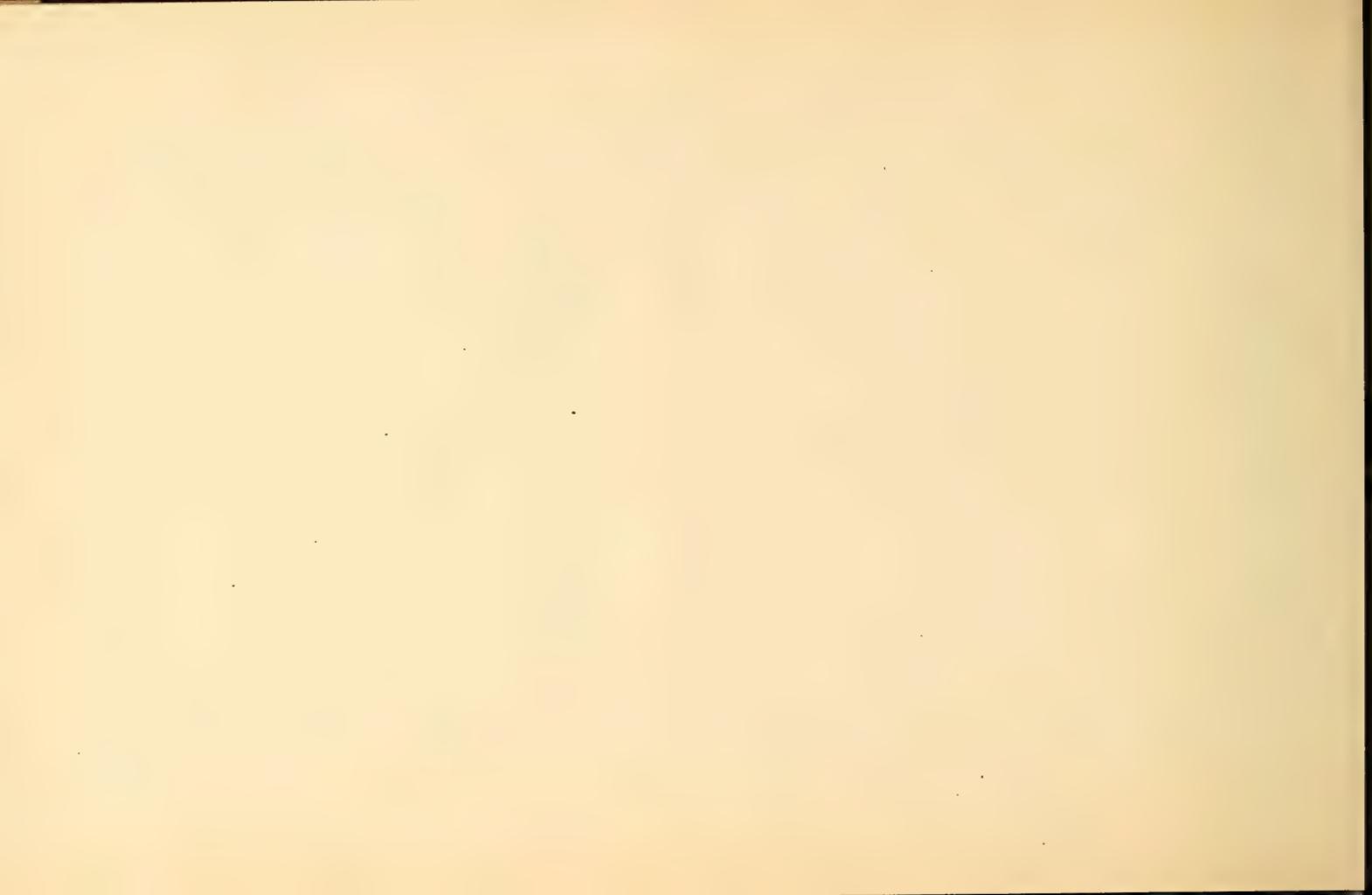
Mrs. Gas.—I didn't dare look at you. It's quite common talk that she's running after Gerald Newrich.

Mrs. B.—Well I guess they have to do something to build up the family fortune. Mr. Tellerby has been making some bad investments lately. That's why he isn't here tonight, I suppose.

Mrs. B.—Mrs. Graffery looks worn and haggard. The scandal about the mayor is telling on her, poor thing.

Mrs. Gas.—It looks as if there might be a match between Virginia Smith- ers and the editor.

Mrs. B.—Yes, but he's nothing to marry on. Editors are always as poor as Job's turkey.



Mrs. Gas.—Mrs. DeHogg has a high and mighty air, and throws on a lot of style, but if they paid their honest debts, they wouldn't have any more than the rest of us.

Mrs. B.—They do say that he was plain Tom Hogg, when she married him, but she made him Thomas Reginald DeHogg.

Mrs. Gas.—A new way of changing the name at marriage. Dr. Quack's beginning to sit up and take notice, I see. He'll be presenting Cecelia a step-mother before long.

Mrs. B.—I think it's disgusting, the way he hangs around the young girls. Look at him now. (Just here young people enter, Dr. Quack and Genevieve in lead.) I thought he had better judgment, than to choose a young chit of a girl.

Mrs. Gas.—He would show better taste, if he chose some one of maturer years—yourself, for instance, my dear. (Taps Mrs. B. with fan.) You'll have to fall back yet, on Colonel Getaway.

(During the latter part of this conversation, Lord F. and Eliz. enter from right, and Aunt Per. and Hank enter from left. They meet in center front.)

Hank—Well I'll be chawed and swallered! It here ain't Turkey Ike, in a biled shirt, an' store clo'es. You old son of a gun, when did you blow in? Haint seen ye sense ye run the faro bank in Rawhicle. (There is a sensation and all crane necks and listen.)

Lord F. (who starts when he sees Hank)—You are surely mistaken in your man.

Hank—Naw ye don't. Yer can't fool a gent like me, that-a-way.

Lord F. (Looking at Eliz.)—I assure you, I never met this person before.

He is a total stranger. Eliz.—Hank, you don't know what you're saying. This is Lord Herbert Gordon Irving Feathernest, of Hampshire, England.

Hank—Well I'll be jiggered! You! You the one that's tryin' to marry my little Liz? Lizzie gal, I'd cut my right hand off, before I'd had this happen, an' before all these folks, too. But it's got to be did.

Eliz.—Tell him, Lord Feathernest, that it's a mistake. I'm sure, it's only one of Hank's jokes.

Hank—A huge and hunky joke he's pulled off shore! He'll be delighted to the brink o' fits, with his joke, by the time I'm through with him. English nobility! Prince o' Wales deal; that's your game is it? Well, the jig's up. You've played high—and lost.

Eliz.—Why don't you tell him it's all a blunder of some kind, Lord Feathernest?

Hank—He don't dars't to no more, Lizzie gal. (Hank steps up quickly to Lord F. and seizes him by the wrist.)

Lord F. (trying to jerk away)—Unhand me, you villain!

Hank (pointing to wrist)—See that scar? That's where Lefty Thompson made his mark, at a carvin party at the Boot and Saddle, in Rawhicle over a soshul game, two years ago. (Eliz. grasps a chair for support.) A furren English lord! Bull snakes an' blizzards! Why he was born in Missouri. (Shakes fist under Lord F.'s nose.) You lyin' reptile you! You fiend in human form, you git! An' it's eatle to eat birds, you'll travel rapid! (Lizzie sinks into chair, in fainting condition. Aunt Per. goes to right, with girls who saether round Eliz. and fan her)—Thar, thar Lizzie! This yere siyyootation ain't so rock ribbed arter all.

Mr. N. (rushing forward, seizes Lord F. by collar)—You scoundrel! I never wanted an English lord, no how. (Puts Lord F. out the door and returns.)

Ger. (as Mr. N. is taking Lord F. out)—You low lived cur! Tom (evincing great delight at one side of stage, well to front)—Whoos-pee! A shut-out, by jimmynny!

Mrs. N. (crying and wringing her hands)—The deserving wretch! An' Lizzie won't be Mrs. Lord Feathernest after all.

Mrs. Tell.—I told you so. I suspected all along, he wasn't a real lord. (She cranes her neck.) There's Lizzie fainting. Guess this'll take the New-riches down a peg or two. Even Sam Do-well won't have Lizzie now. She'll be left all around.

Sam—That's where you're mistaken madam. (Turns to company.) Lizzie Newrich, is to me, what she has always been, and I will say to you all, that I am ready to marry her now, or at any future time. (Eliz. who is aroused by hearing Sam's voice, sits up and listens.)

Eliz.—Can it be, that you are willing to forgive my folly? It seems incredible.



Sam—There is nothing to forgive, Elizabeth. You were naturally dazzled by so much show and pretension.  
Ellz. (rising, takes flower from dress, and bowing, presents to Sam)—An American nobleman!  
(Sam takes flower, touches lightly to his lips, places it in button hole, bowing low, and takes his place by side of Ellz.)

Aunt Per. (going to Hank, who is near center of stage, with outstretched hand)—Well, Mr. Hank, I've come too. You done noble, an' saved this fool family from a precious rascal.

Hank (grasps her hand in both his)—I'm yours entire. You've got me lassoed easy an' pat, as ropin' a one-year-old.

CURTAIN.

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[Author's Note.—The greater number of the "Mrs. Partington" speeches of Mrs. Newrich are actual mistakes that really have been made. The most incredible ones are genuine—such as "ornigated" for ornamented, "Decortion" day, "impediment to get votes" and to the hospital in the "avalanche."]

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